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1861





English version of the original text.
English 1861.

THE KHIRUD-UFROZ:

TRANSLATED FROM THE OORDOO INTO ENGLISH, AND FOLLOWED
BY A VOCABULARY OF THE DIFFICULT WORDS AND
PHRASES OCCURRING IN THE TEXT,

BY

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"The voice of Wisdom heard in parables."  
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TO
CAPTAIN E. ST. GEORGE,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED

WITH THE BEST ESTEEM

OF THE

TRANSLATOR.

HOOGHLY COLLEGE. }
1ST NOVEMBER, 1861. }

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

This is not the first time that the KHIRUD UFROZ has come into public notice; but as it now forms one of the Oordoo Test Books of the Entrance Examinations of the Calcutta University, an English translation of the same has become necessary, to enable Students to understand the Original with greater facility.

The work consists of a collection of Fables in which the wisdom of the East and the West are brought together to illustrate such practical points of morality as meet us in the works of daily life. Some of the Tales that have come from the West are striking and apposite;—others (and fortunately they are few,) are absolutely trashy and puerile. But from this taint what Indian work is *entirely* free? In point of style, the KHIRUD UFROZ has neither the flowery ornateness of the BAGH-O-BAHAR, nor the chaste simplicity of the IKHWAN-OOS-SUFFA. It steers a middle course, and is more apt to be liked by the old and thoughtful, than by careless, inexperienced youth.

One word of explanation more. Our original text has been the portion contained in the Hindoostanee Reader Volume III. printed at the C. S. B. Society's Press, and fixed by the University. The pages in the Vocabulary therefore have reference to this edition of the work.

Hooghly College.

1st November, 1861.

T. P. M.

KHIRUD UFROZ.

STORY I.—A person chanced to find wealth in a forest, and considered that it would require an age to remove it all himself. He resolved therefore to hire bearers and carry the whole at once. Acting on this determination, and not exercising any prudence, he trusted in strange individuals and delivered the treasure to them,—and what was better still, sent them ahead. Taking advantage of his folly—the strangers wended their way, each to his own house. When the thoughtless discoverer of the treasure reached home—he found that besides shame and repentance he had gained nothing—*Moral.* We derive benefit from understanding a book—not by committing its contents to memory.

STORY II.—*The two Pigeons.* Two pigeons occupied a single nest. One was named *Bazinda* the other *Nuwazinda*. The world envied their friendship. At last *Bazinda* thought of travelling, and thus expressed his wishes to his friend. “How long are we to live in the same locality—occupying the same nest? I have thoughts of going on a journey—for many are the curiosities we come across in travelling—whereby experience is gained and the intellectual faculties sharpened. As long as the sword is not unsheathed it gains no glory in the daring enterprises of heroes, and as long as the pen is not set in motion it assists not in the communication of ideas. It is on account of revolutions that the heaven is so high—and it is her immobility which makes the earth so low. If the tree moved from one place to another, it would have escaped both the saw and the axe.” The other pigeon returned:—“Friend, you have not felt the woes of travel.”—“True,” replied the other, but the fatigues of the way are more than compensated by the sights we see;—and when the curious mind longs for the latter, what cares it for the former.” “Still for all that,” pursued his companion, “it is the agreeable society of friends that makes every scene of joy dearer;—without it—we miss all delight—for nothing grieves the hearts of friends so much as absence of friends. A home and the comforts of home are thine at present. Be content, and let not vagrant propensities lead thee to ruin. Live in company,—for the world pelts the lonely with double force.” “Talk not of separation,” remarked his companion, “friends are plentiful every where. If I go away hence, I shall very soon meet with an associate elsewhere;—have you not heard the saying—‘Restrict not thyself to one friend, nor reside for ever in one country, for men are plentiful and God’s world is spacious.’ I beg therefore you will not dwell on the woes of travel; for it is travelling

alone that perfects man.” “Friend”—said *Nuwazinda*, “if you can forget old and tried mates, for the society of new ones, my words can have no effect on you; but philosophers have observed:—‘He who slights the words of well-wishing friends, gladdens the hearts of his enemies.’” Thus having spoken they parted. Alienating his affections from his friend, *Bazinda* winged his flight high over mountains and valleys, gazing on the glories of many a forest. By chance his eyes fell on a green field, the bloom of whose flowers, and the mildness of the breeze blowing therein, attracted him. As evening was fast setting in, he made up his mind to alight there. Before the fatigues of the day had worn off, the face of the heavens darkened, and a violent storm, attended with thunder and lightning, broke upon the tranquil scene. In the confusion which followed, *Bazinda* had no place of shelter to resort to. The leaves and branches of the trees were hardly sufficient to protect him. The night was passed amidst troubles. With the break of morn he resumed his flight, dubious if he should return to the nest he had left, or to continue his journey onward—While yet thinking, a large royal falcon made an attempt at him. The moment his eyes fell on the enemy, the heart of the pigeon fluttered with fear, and his spirit was much troubled. He felt penitent for what he had done, and resolved if he escaped destruction, to give up all thoughts of travelling, and return to his friend. At last the righteousness of his wish effected his deliverance. An eagle coming from another direction tried to gain over the pigeon from the pursuit of the falcon. The latter, though by no means so powerful as the former, was yet resolved to make a show of resistance:—while they were disputing, the pigeon availed himself of the opportunity, and sought shelter in the narrow cleft of a rock, where the night was spent. The next morning, though unable to fly, he yet attempted the act, trembling and fearing, now looking to his right and now to his left. On a sudden he beheld a pigeon and grains lying before it. Prest with hunger he unhesitatingly alighted and joined his kind, but before he had picked up a single grain, he found himself ensnared. Indignant at the other, “Brother,” he exclaimed, “we are birds of the same genus, and it is on your account that I am placed in this difficulty—Wherefore did you fail to warn me, and to perform an act of friendliness by saving me from this snare?”—“Forbear,” answered the other. “Nothing avails against Fate.” “But cannot you even now devise

means"—persisted the captive, "whereby I can be released, and owe a debt of gratitude to you?" "Fool," returned the other, "if I could, would I not free myself first, and thus save others from being entrapped. Your case is like that of the young camel, who tired running after his mother, begged of her to stop for a moment and give him time to take breath—"Seest thou not," she replied, "that I am led on by another. Were it in my power, I would have rid myself of this burden, and saved thee from the trouble of running." Having lost all hope, the captive fluttered and struggled, and at last succeeded in breaking the string which held him. He flew homeward. In the way, he came across a depopulated village, and alighted on a wall which was contiguous to a field. Here he was seen by a boy, who was looking after the cultivation, and who that moment let fly an arrow at him, which hit his arm and precipitated him into a well below—The boy lost his game, and the poor wounded bird remained a day and a night in that well. The next morning he emerged therefrom with the greatest difficulty, and once more winged his flight towards home, which he reached in safety—His former friend came out to welcome him, and seeing him in a deplorable state, asked how he was and whence he had returned—"What shall I say?" returned the other,—"how enumerate the woes and dangers I have suffered and passed through? They told experience was to be gained by travelling—and the experience that I have gained tells me never to think of travelling again, or of separating myself from thee as long as I live."

STORY III.—*The two Hawks.* Once upon a time there lived two hawks who had contracted great friendship for each other. Their nest was on the summit of a hill; and there they passed their lives in ease and tranquillity. After a time, they had a young, the object of their warmest affection, whom they fed with all sorts of dainties, until it grew up. One day, they left it alone, and were delayed returning. The young, feeling hungry, moved about in the nest, the edge of which it soon reached, and was being hurled down the rock, when an eagle, who was in search of food for her young, beheld it falling, and taking it to be a mouse which had dropped from the talons of another eagle, dashed after it, and catching it up before it had touched the ground, bore it to its nest. There she discovered from the bills and talons of the young, that it was of the same genus as herself. This inspired her with love. She considered that God in His mercy had made her the means of saving the life of that young creature—and that if she were not there, the young would have been dashed down the hill and had all its bones broken—If God then had saved it from destruction, it behoved her to rear it up with her own young—nay to consider it as one of them—Acting on this resolve she behaved like a parent, till it grew up and considered

itself to be an eaglet. But finding its nature different from that of the other birds—it wondered a great deal how it ever came into that nest. The eagle addressing the young hawk one day, said, "My child, why do I behold thee sad? Tell me what thou requirest, and I shall try to get it."—The other returned "True I am sad,—but why? I know not—and what I know, I cannot say. I think it would do me good if I travelled about for sometime—New scenes very probably would drive away dejection and restore equanimity."—The very thought of separation filled the eagle's heart with grief. She sighed and exclaimed.—"Child! what words are these? Never think of travelling. It is an impassable river—a blood-thirsty dragon. Those who undertake journeys do so either for wealth, or because they find it difficult to remain in their native country. This is not the case with thee. Thou hast a free home and cheerful sufficiency. Dearest than the other young ones, we all try to obey thee. Under these circumstances it is far from wise to leave the comforts of home for the fatigues of travel." "What you say is indeed very kind," replied the hawk, "but to me this home is not free—nor this sufficiency cheerful: what passes in my mind, I really cannot express." The eagle now perceived that what wise men have said was true. *Like tends to like.* She therefore cut short the conversation thus:—"What I say has reference to contentment;—but thou aimest at covetousness and rapacity—There is no rest for those who cannot be content. If thou art not grateful for the good thou hast received, nor satisfied with freedom and sufficiency, I very much fear thou shalt suffer what the cat did whose story is thus told:—"

STORY IV.—*The old Woman and the Cat.* In ancient times there lived a weak old woman, who occupied a bare and gloomy cottage. She had a cat who had never tasted bread, nor ever felt the flavor of flesh. If she came across a mouse she was filled with joy, and lived on it for a whole week. Going on the terrace one day she beheld a neighbour's cat, which could hardly walk on account of her corpulence. The old woman's cat wondered at the plumpness of the other, and enquired how it was that she managed to live in that grand style.—"I eat," replied the fat one, "what is thrown away from the king's table. Every morning I attend the royal dining-room. When breakfast is served out I receive morsels of meat full of fat, and bread made of the finest flour, which keep me full to the next day." What are flour-bread and fat of meat?"—enquired the old woman's cat. "Besides slops and rats I have never tasted aught in my mistress's house." "That is the reason," returned the other, laughing, "that there is no difference between thee and a spider. I blush on thy account. Thy ears and tail are alone those of a cat—the other members of the spider. If you but be-

held the dining-room of the king, and smelt the dainties laid out there, you would be at once revived." "Well," said the famished cat—"will you act a friendly part and take me there? You will thus be the means of invigorating my failing powers." The heart of the other cat felt pity at the state of her friend, and she promised to take her to the palace the next time she went. Elated with joy, the old woman's cat came down from the terrace, and disclosed the particulars to her mistress, who not at all pleased with the intelligence, counselled her thus:—"Friend, be not led away by the worldly—nor lose contentment. The covetous are never satisfied as long as they live." But all in vain. The next day, she joined her new friend, and repaired to the palace. Before this, however, misfortune had already marked her. A day previous to this, a company of cats had assembled and disturbed the neighbourhood by their cries and caterwaulings. The king had therefore ordered a band of archers to look to the destruction of all cats in future. The subject of our story was ignorant of these arrangements. As soon as she smelt the delicacies laid out on the table, she rushed impatiently towards it—when just at that moment a shaft pierced her. Wounded and bleeding, she ran as fast as her legs would move, all the while exclaiming—"If I escape from the archers this time, never more shall I go after aught else but rats in future."

STORY V.—*The Ascetic and his son.* In ancient times, an ascetic was disabled by poverty to support his family. What he gained by labor was hardly enough to meet their wants. He had a son, whose appearance (*lit.* forehead) gave promise of opulence. His birth improved the fortunes of his father, and he was thenceforward able to maintain himself. From his childhood, the boy showed a decided likeness for bows and arrows, and swords and shields. The father, it is true, sent him to school; but his dreams were always of battle-fields. When he grew up his parent wished he should think of marrying—and calling him to his presence, desired to know what his intention was. "The marriage-portion of my intended bride," answered the young man, "is already with me. You will not be troubled by rendering any assistance." The father wished to hear the details of the case; and to know where and what the marriage settlement was. The son retired, and returning with a sword, presented it to his father,—"Here," he said, "here is the marriage-portion. My bride is Power, and nothing but a sword can win her." And in a very short time, this enterprising youth became the governor of a country.

STORY VI.—*The Leopard and his young one.* There was an island near Bussorah the climate of which was extremely salubrious. Streams flowed on every side—and soft the wind of spring blew over them. Such indeed was the

loveliness of the scene, that the place was named the Forest of Delight. The Leopard was the ruler, and so powerful was he that lions and other rapacious animals trembled before him. For a long time he maintained his supremacy, and never knew what fear was. He had a young whom he loved so much, that if he saw him not the world became dark to him. It was the chief wish of the father, that as soon as the cub was one year old, and could use his teeth and paws in attacking his enemies, to make over charge of the forest to him—and retire from public life. Before the fulfilment of this desire, however, death surprised him, and the other animals who were always on the lookout, immediately came together to attack the young leopard, who unable to cope with them, left his country and went away, an exile. A dispute now raged amongst the others, till at last a lion, more powerful than the rest, overcame all opposition and gained the sovereignty. The young leopard wandered about for some time; at last he reached a forest, disclosed his distresses to the brutes there, and solicited aid. This was refused, as the fame of the lion's power had reached them. With one accord, they said, "Thy possessions, poor fellow, have been taken away by an enemy whom we cannot face. It is advisable now for thee to accept service under him and obey his commands." This counsel pleased him, for he saw at a glance that he was serving his own interest in courting the favor of the king of the forest. He returned, obtained an audience of the monarch, by means of a third party and pledged himself to perform the duties entrusted to him. Determined to be true and loyal, he flinched from no work. Preferments followed fast—so fast in fact that the other ministers envied him. Still for all that, he was firm as ever. Once upon a time, the lion had occasion to undertake a long journey; the wind was blowing warm, and he knew not whom to depute on the errand. The young leopard had just come in. He found his majesty thoughtful, and enquired what made him so. When apprised of the fact, he promptly volunteered his services—and taking a train of attendants with him started on his journey. In about six hours he reached his destination, did the work and was returning, when one of his companions remarked—"we have travelled fast enough—the weather is very warm—our work is done, and the king values your services. Better it is that we rest awhile under the shade of a tree—and quench our thirst." The young leopard replied, smiling: "Dexterity and activity secure the king's favor to me. I cannot therefore think to be idle for a moment." This was reported to the monarch. He applauded the zeal of his deputy and observed—"Sovereignty befits the diligent, and those who shrink from no work in which they see the good of their subjects." After this he sent for the leopard—heaped honors on him

—and appointed him the lord of all his dominions.—*Moral.* Without assiduous diligence no object is gained—and without exertions no success achieved.

STORY VII.—*The Merchant and his sons.* There lived a merchant—who had experienced the heat and cold of this world—and tasted its sweets and bitterness. He had three sons, who led away by the wild passions of youth, had given up their several professions, and determined to lead a life of useless idleness at the expense of their father. The kind parent still wishing well, counselled them thus:—"Children, if you know not the value of that wealth which has cost you no pains in its accumulation, you are excused before Reason; but remember, money can be the means of acquiring virtue and comfort. Worldly men desire three things—To live happily—to rise in rank and to gain the aid of Heaven; but these they cannot accomplish but by four other means:—1st. By following a good profession—2nd. by preserving their gains—3rd. by regulating their expenses according to reason, and 4th by trying to eschew evil as much as lies in their power. Cease then to be idle; learn some useful art—and practise what you have seen me doing." The eldest answered—"Father, you advise me to follow some profession; but this is acting contrary to our trust in God—I verily believe that if I am destined for any profession—I shall enter it—even if I make no effort; and if otherwise, all my endeavours—however strenuous—will be perfectly fruitless—What Fate wills us to obtain we get at once—what not—never. Hence it is, that it is useless to trouble one's self for things which we are not fated to gain. I have heard a great man say—the daily food I was destined to get, reached me in all circumstances of life—and what it was not my lot to acquire kept its own distance, notwithstanding all my efforts to obtain it. It follows then—that nothing in the world can change the decrees of fate."—"All this is true," returned the father; "but this is a world of efforts. We are not to sit idle, expecting God to aid us. The acquisitions of labor are of greater value than the gains of retirement, for the professional man can benefit others, while the devotee in his seclusion does good only to himself. He who wishes to be benevolent should never be idle." The second son returned:—"Father! If I follow a profession, and God crowns my industry with wealth, how am I to preserve my gains? explain the secret to me and I shall respect it." "To gain riches"—answered the old man, "is easy, to preserve it, and benefit by it, the most difficult. He who becomes rich, should do two things: 1st. He should save his money from waste, and never let it fall in the hands of thieves, robbers and pick-pockets, for many are the friends of wealth, but more numerous its foes. The heavens do not persecute the indigent so much as the opulent. The 2nd

is, never touch the capital in trade, but live on the gains. He who draws on the former, not content with the latter, will very soon come to grief. A river, whose supply of water is cut off, soon runs dry—and continual excavations can exhaust mountains even. He whose income is *nil*, or who goes beyond it, is sure to die of poverty in no time." When the father had done speaking, the youngest son rose, blest his parent—and enquired—how the gains of the capital were to be expended when acquired after care and preservation. The father answered: "Two rules are to be observed. 1st. Avoid extravagance, and be moderate, for great and good men prefer a miser to a spendthrift, and though generosity is commendable, yet it should be directed in the right channel. 2nd. Be not stingy and niggardly; for the wealth of a miser is generally wasted, just as if a pond were to be fed by several springs of water, with no opening to allow it to escape, the result would be that the tide would rise higher and higher, wear away the barriers, and destroy the tank itself." In short, the father's advice proved agreeable to the children. They abandoned their idle habits, and each went about following some profession, and travelled far and wide trading.

STORY VIII.—*The two young Princes.* In Bokhara ruled a powerful King, who had two sons, young, robust and hearty. Music was their chief delight. The father, giving way to foresight, entrusted a large treasure to a devotee who had retired from the world to the privacies of solitude, and begged of him to keep it buried under ground until required by his sons, who, he well knew, would fall into poverty some day or other—Then the money was to be given them, and perhaps after their course of folly, he thought they might reform their conduct, and live more decently. He fixed on a certain spot inside his palace, and informed the boys that he had inhumed large sums of money there, which they were at liberty to use when in want. Shortly after this, the king died, and then the devotee,—leaving the treasure concealed where it was. The brothers fell to fighting with each other for the property left by their father. The elder prevailed, and became lord and master of the dominions. The younger, believing that money was lost, and that the heavens were frowning on him, came to the conclusion that it was unwise to pine after wealth, and saw nothing better than to bid adieu to the world and become a *durwesh*. This resolve he carried into execution. Going into the forest he fixed his abode in the hut of the devotee lately deceased, and shut the door of intercourse in the face of all visitors. One day, while trying to draw water from a well, he discovered to his surprise, that it was dry, and became anxious to know the reason, lest any thing should go wrong. On further and closer inspection he found that

that there was an excavation inside, and that the earth taken therefrom had fallen in and dried up the spring of water. Attempting to remedy the evil, he was on the point of removing the rubbish, when his eyes fell on the treasure. The prince immediately offered thanks to God; but thought it better to remain a devotee, notwithstanding the money gained, and see what next came to light. The elder brother was trifling away his life, showing no care for his subjects or troops, and wasting money most recklessly, in hopes of acquiring the treasure buried in his late father's palace. It chanced, however, that a powerful foe rose against him, and attempted to deprive him of his kingdom. Finding the exchequer empty, and the army undisciplined, the prince went in search of the long expected wealth; but no trace of it could he find. When all hopes were lost, he determined to fight in the best way he could. When the armies were drawn out, and the battle had commenced to rage, an arrow from the enemies' ranks found its way into the prince's heart and laid him low. It chanced, however, that the leader of the other army also fell, and thus the troops, left without any one to direct them, dispersed on all sides. The several officers, with a view of preventing bloodshed, determined to raise a prince of good blood to the vacant throne. The people pointed to the brother in the forest. Deputies were sent, and he was brought out of his seclusion to be placed on the throne. Fate had willed that the sceptre should come into his hands, and come it did, without any effort on his part. His father's dominions were now his. *Moral.* The decrees of destiny are fulfilled without any trouble on our part. When Fate wills not, all endeavours are unavailing.

STORY IX.—*The Durwesh.* A Durwesh was longing to see the grace and mercy of God manifested. Accidentally he beheld a hawk, with a bit of flesh in her mouth, flying about a crow's nest, in which was deposited an unfledged young, whom she was carefully feeding. "God of heaven!" exclaimed the Durwesh, "this indeed is Thy mercy. Yonder unfledged young one has neither power to fly nor strength to move, and yet Thou providest for him. It's only the feebleness of my trust in Thee that drives me from lane to lane, and forest to forest, in search of food. It would be better to live secluded in future, and give up all search for provisions." Putting this resolve into execution, he retired from public life, and sate apart from all for full three days, without food or drink. He could bear the calls of hunger no longer. His reason, which is the grace and ornament of man, was about to be affected.—Just at this critical juncture a wise and prudent person came to him, and understanding his case, advised him thus:—"When we have legs and hands and do not use them, and when we require support, and yet try to renounce it—is not conduct like this

impious and unreasonable? When God gave us hands and feet, He certainly wished us to use them in getting our food: you saw the young crow, true enough, but why did you shut your eyes to what the hawk was doing? Why then are you trifling away your time, and endangering your reason, which is a jewel of vast price? Beware, lest she withdraw her light from you!"

Moral. When efforts are needed, passive reliance on God is not proper.

STORY X.—*The Zemindar and the Rats.* A Zemindar had laid by a large quantity of grain, to be used when required.—It happened that a rat lived near the granary, the walls of which he would always dig up; and numberless were the holes he made. One of these at last opened inside the house, and brought him plenty of food. This independence made the creature proud. The rats of the neighbourhood, hearing of his good fortune, came in crowds to pay obeisance to him, and the lovers of creature comforts loaded him with flattering words; and knowing too well, that in pleasing him they ensured their own pleasure, they took very good care not to offend him in any way. As he wished, they did.—Not a word did they utter that was not commendatory of him. That fool of a rat also, had his head turned. He would boast and feed sumptuously, never thinking of the morrow in the enjoyments of to-day. When several days had elapsed in this way, and a famine visited the land, the Zemindar, on opening the doors of the granary, found that damage was done to the corn. He sighed, and thought that it was useless to regret for what could not be remedied. It was better to remove the collection to some other place.—This he did. The old rat, who had considered himself lord and master of the granary, was left sleeping alone in his glory, his friends having decamped here and there when the corn was removed. True is the saying:—"False friends are like flies round sweetmeats." The next day when he awoke, not a friend of his could be seen; all his efforts to find his companions proved vain. He ran out of the house to go in quest of them, but the moment he set his feet in the public thoroughfare, he heard of the terrible famine that was raging in the land.—This at once induced him to return to preserve his own collections. When arrived in the granary he found that the corn had vanished, and in his hole there was not food sufficient for a night even. This discovery filled him with despair to such a degree, that he beat his head against the wall, dashed out his brains, and fell a victim to his own extravagance.

Moral. A man's expense should be proportionate to his income. The interest is to be spent—not the capital.

STORY XI.—*The Meddling Monkey.* A monkey beheld a carpenter cutting wood. The man had

two wedges in his hand, one of which he inserted in the cleft to widen it, and make the action of the saw easier. When the cleft had widened to a large extent, he inserted the other wedge and pulled out the former. Some business calling him away, he went to look after it. The monkey seeing his place vacant, jumped upon the wood and commenced cutting it. Accidentally his testicles got between the cleft, and when in his confusion he tried to pull out a wedge, he made a mistake and drew away the wrong one. The result was, that the wood immediately joined, crushing the part that was between it. The monkey raised a loud lamentation on his distress, and observed:—"It is best for every one in the world to look to his own proper duty; those who abandon it, and meddle with the concerns of others, are sure to be punished. My work," he continued, "was to eat fruits, not to saw; to rove about in the forest, not to wield the tools of carpentry." While yet speaking, the carpenter returned, and gave him such a chastisement that he died on the spot.

Moral. Never go beyond the sphere of your duty.

STORY XII.—*The two Friends.*—Two friends, named Salim and Ghanim, were travelling together. By chance they entered a valley where there was a Fountain with a reservoir of sweet, agreeable water before it. Shady trees grew round this reservoir; and in other respects as that spot was lovely indeed, the two friends stopped there for some time. After a while, they rose and leisurely walked round the pond and the fountain, when all on a sudden their eyes fell on a white stone, with this inscription on it:—"O traveller! thou hast honored me with thy visit, and hospitably I shall receive thee! But on this condition, that fearless of life, you enter the reservoir; swim across it to the base of the mountain; lift up a stone lion therefrom; take it on thy shoulders, and run up the hill. Let not the rapacious animals terrify thee, nor the thorns in the way check thy course. The moment thou reachest the spot indicated, thou shalt be rewarded." As soon as the inscription was read, Ghanim turned to Salim, and said:—"Brother, come let us call up courage and attempt the deed." "Friend," replied the other, "it is foolish to trust an anonymous inscription, and risk life in pursuit of an imaginary reward. No wise man would knowingly swallow poison, because its antidote was at hand; nor undergo present toil to gain future rest." "Friend," pursued the other, "cowards only shrink from labor to brave danger, and endeavour courageously to ensure the acquisition of wealth and honor. The bold are never content with a morsel of bread and a corner in a hut. Until they arrive at the summit of glory, they can never rest. The rose-buds of thy desires cannot be gathered without suffering from the

thorns of trouble, and the door of thy wishes never oped, but by the key of efforts. I shall, fearless of death and destruction, make an attempt to reach the mountain top."—"But," persisted the other, "is it reasonable to travel on an endless road, or to swim in a shoreless ocean? How can the wise accomplish such tasks, without knowing the ins and outs of their work, and the result that is to be gained from it? It's a saying—'Do not advance until you have secured a safe footing.' First see how you are to emerge before you make a plunge. Perhaps some one has indulged in a joke; or it may be that there is some whirlpool in the pond, which makes it impossible to cross! And granted even that you do cross it, perhaps there is no stone lion to be seen; and if seen, perhaps it is too heavy, and cannot be lifted. Then, perhaps you will not be able to run up the mountain, and if you are, it may be that you will gain nothing eventually. At any rate, I do not join in the undertaking, and would fain dissuade thee from the same." "Never think I will fail," said Ghanim, "I know you have not the courage to follow me. Look on then, and like a friend assist me with your prayers." "I see," replied the other, "that you are not to be turned aside. I however will not countenance a proceeding I do not approve. I shall depart before you enter on the work." In short, leaving Ghanim alone, he went his way. The other now prepared himself, regardless of life, for the plunge. Fate assisted him, his courage aided him, Faith befriended him, and God was with him. A moment, and lo! he has crossed the pond—one effort more!—he lifts up the stone lion, and behold him on the top of the hill. On the other side he beheld a city, when all on a sudden, from the stone lion issued a tremendous roar, which made the whole town tremble. Immediately a concourse of people made their appearance, and while Ghanim was yet wondering, made their obeisance to him, placed him on a horse, took him into the city, bathed him with rose water, clothed him with princely robes, and made him their king. On enquiring, they told him that in ancient times certain wise men had placed a talisman at the base of the hill. Whenever their king died, God sent them another, who was sure, through divine aid, to cross the pond, lift up the stone lion, and gain the height of the mountain. The roar of the lion attracted the people, who were to proceed and receive their new sovereign.

STORY XIII. *The Fox and the Drum.*—A Fox was roving about in a forest in search of food, when her eyes fell on a domestic cock, who was picking up grains under a tree. She immediately tried to make a prey of the bird, when all on a sudden she heard the beat of a drum, which was suspended from a tree, and struck by the branches agitated by the wind. Judging from its sound, she fancied the drum to be some dying

animal, whose size warranted the supposition of its being a good deal fleshy; and she turned towards the tree. The cock saw her and ran away. With a great deal of trouble the fox got on the tree, and succeeded in tearing up the drum, to find that it was made of dry skin and wood. Ashamed of herself, she shed tears and exclaimed:—"Alas! My own dubiousness has kept me away from what was good. True the drum makes a great deal of noise, but there is nothing in it. If you are wise, prize that which has some intrinsic value; for exteriors are deceiving."

STORY XIV. *The Durwesh and the Thief.*—A king presented a valuable suit of robes to a durwesh. A thief heard of this affair, but though he tried hard to gain access to the devotee's house, he could not succeed. At last he turned to and became one of his disciples, and showed great zeal in learning all the abstruse points of theology: but before many days had elapsed he came across the rich robes, stole them, and decamped. When the durwesh found the suit as well as the new disciple missing, he suspected the truth, and went in search of him. In the way he saw two deer fighting like two lions. Blood was dripping in torrents from their heads and mouths. A fox just then came in and began licking the blood, when he was gored to death from both sides. The durwesh saw this and proceeded onward. In the evening he reached a city, the gates of which were closed. An old woman took compassion on him and called him into her house. The holy man entered, and taking his seat in a corner, engaged himself in prayers. Now this old dame was a notorious bawd, who had several girls for the purpose of prostitution. The gains of their sin supported her. One of these, the handsomest of all, was in love with a young man. They both lived together, and such was their affection for each other that the girl never thought of any other lover, nor he of any other mistress. This was by no means agreeable to the old dame, whose gains were affected thereby, and she had determined to kill the infatuated youth. That very night was fixed for the fulfilment of her wish. She first plied the lovers with wine, until they fell asleep; then pouring deadly poison into a tube, she applied one end of it to the nostrils of the young man, and taking the other in her own mouth, was on the point of blowing the contents into his brains, when the sleeper gave a loud sneeze, which sent the poison into the old woman's throat and despatched her to hell in no time. The durwesh was struck with the sight, rose from his corner, and went out to search another place of rest. A shoemaker, who was one of his disciples, took him home, treated him very hospitably, and then departed on some business. His wife, who was enamoured of some other person, embraced the opportunity of his absence, and sent a go-between to invite her lover; informing him that the house was entirely free from strangers; that the honey was kept ready, and there were no flies;

and that they had the night to themselves, free alike from the disturbance of watchmen and *kotwals*. Just, however, as the paramour was on the door, the husband returned, and finding all the suspicions he had entertained of his wife's fidelity thus unexpectedly confirmed by the presence of the paramour, he entered the house, kicked and cuffed the woman to his heart's content, and then tying her up to a pillar went to sleep.—The durwesh was in thoughts that it was very unmanly on the part of the husband to beat his wife without any fault, and that it was his duty to have prevented him from doing so; when the go-between, a barber's wife, returned, and called out "Sister! how long are you going to detain the young man?" The other, crying and sobbing, called her, and replied—"Sister, my heartless husband, on seeing the young man at the door, came in like a maniac: he belaboured me tremendously, and tied me up to this post. If you will take pity on my condition, you will untie the knots and take my place here for a few moments, to enable me to go and excuse myself to my friend; after which I shall return and let you go. The barber's wife did as desired, and let her go out. The durwesh was glad he had not interfered, when just at that moment the husband awoke and called out to his wife. The barber's wife, afraid of detection, could not answer the call.—Once, twice, three times! When the man found she would not utter a word, he got up in a rage, went near her, and cutting off her nose, gave it to her to make a present of it to her lover. The unfortunate woman, still silent, was glad to escape with life, even at this cost. She only thought within herself, that this was a strange world; one sins and another is punished.—The shoemaker's wife, on her return, finding her friend's nose gone, offered many apologies to her, untied her from the post, and had herself fastened to it. The barber's wife, with the nose in her hand, turned homewards, crying and weeping alternately in her perturbation.—The Durwesh, who was a silent spectator of all that had passed, was filled with astonishment. The shoemaker's wife had now recourse to artifice, and raising her voice, "Oh God of justice!" she exclaimed, "Thou knowest how my husband has treated me, and how he has charged me with a crime I have never committed. Show Thy mercy to me, Lord, and restore to me my nose, which is the ornament of my countenance." The husband roused by the noise, called out "Oh thou wicked creature! what prayers art thou offering, and what are the requests thou art preferring to God? Knowest thou not that God never hears the prayers of the wicked?" "Tyrant!" shrieked the woman, "come and see the power of God, and then thou wilt be convinced of my innocence. Because I was sinless, the kind Creator of all has restored my nose, and saved me from infamy." That foolish man got up, lit a lamp, and approaching his wife found that her nose was all right, whereupon

he confessed his own folly, offered many apologies, begged her pardon, and solemnly swore never to be hasty in any action in future, and never to act against the wishes of his pious better half. The barber's wife, in the meantime, had reached home, nose in hand. She was yet in thoughts of what excuse she was to make to her lord, her relations and friends; when the good man was roused from sleep, and called for the case in which the instruments of his profession were kept. The woman muttered something in executing the order, and at last handed over a razor to her husband, who getting enraged, flung it, in the dark, at her, and commenced pouring out a torrent of abuse. The woman gave a shriek, exclaiming, "What hast thou done? my nose is gone." The man was confused. Friends and neighbours came running from all sides, and sure enough they found the woman's nose gone, and her clothes saturated with blood; whereupon they began blaming the man, who had lost all power of returning yea or nay to what they were saying. When day dawned the woman's relations assembled, and took the husband before the Magistrate. By chance, our friend, the durwesh, who knew that functionary, had gone over to him, and was conversing on different subjects, when this case came on. The judge asked the barber why he had done wrong to the woman, without any fault on her part. When he could not return a satisfactory answer, he was sentenced to loose his nose. Here the devotee interposed and asked for time; for, observed he, "The thief did not steal my robes, nor the deer kill the fox, nor the poison destroy the wicked old dame, nor the barber cut off his wife's nose. Each brought the evil on him or herself." The judge reprieved the prisoner, and requested the holy man to furnish him with details. He complied, gave every particular from beginning to end, and wound up with the following:—"If I had not a strong desire of gaining disciples, I would not have been deceived by the thief, nor he found opportunity and stolen the robes. If the fox was not so covetous of blood, she would not have met with disaster. If the wicked old woman had no intention of poisoning the sleeping youth, she would not have perished herself; and if the barber's wife had never connived at wickedness, her nose would have been safe." The judge on hearing the particulars, punished each according to her and his deserts.

Moral. He who does evil should never expect good. If sugar-canes you want, sow not colocynt seeds. A wise man has said, "If your deeds are evil, their fruits will be evil too."

STORY XV.—*The Birds, the Hawk and the Salamander.* A pair of birds, in old times, occupied a nest on a certain tree, which was overlooked by a mountain, on the summit of which lived a hawk. This creature was always in the habit of darting, lightning-wise, from his nest, and destroying the young of the birds. When these

would grow up and be able to fly, he would carry them off for his own young to prey upon. The old birds loved their native country, and therefore could not leave it; and yet it was not advisable to live in the vicinity of the hawk. On one occasion, when the young were perfectly fledged, the parents were greatly delighted. When the thoughts of the hawk occurring to them, their joy was changed to sighs and groans. One of the young, who looked wiser than the rest, enquired into the cause of their grief. They recounted to him the tyrannical conduct of the hawk, and then expressed their fears for the safety of their young. "To repine at the dispensations of God," observed the young one, "befits not man. He in His wisdom has created a remedy for every pain. If you would but try to remove the evil you complain of, perhaps God will ward off the impending danger from our heads, and lighten the weight of your mind's anguish." The old birds liked the proposition. The mother remained in the nest to protect the young, while the male bird went out to look after the formation of some plans. After travelling for a short time, (his mind filled with thoughts as to the removal of the evil) his eyes fell on a Salamander who had just emerged from fire, and was crawling on the ground. When the bird beheld this strange creature, he thought of recounting his woes to him, in hopes that he may be able to devise some measures. With a great deal of respect he approached the Salamander, who received him kindly and hospitably, and enquired why he looked so sad. "If the fatigues of journey have told on thee," he continued, "stay with me for some time, and take rest; if it is some difficulty that oppresses thee, make me acquainted with it, and I shall try my best to assist thee." The bird gave an account of his trouble. "Relieve your mind," cried the other, "I shall aid in its removal. This very night I shall try to burn the hawk and his nest together, so that no trace of either one or the other shall remain." When the appointed hour had come, the Salamander, accompanied by his friend, and carrying some naphtha and sulphur, followed the bird to the hawk's nest, who was found fast asleep with his young ones, after having taken their evening repast. The Salamander cast the combustibles in the nest, and returned. The deed was done. The hawk with his young were destroyed, and the birds remained undisturbed ever after.

STORY XVI.—*The Oppressor Reformed.* In days of yore there lived a king, who forgetting justice, was grievously oppressing his subjects. Persecuted beyond toleration, the people cried night and day to God, and invoked maledictions on his head. One day he went out to hunt, and inasmuch as the mercy of God was still on him, he was led to a lonely part of the forest, where he heard the following words uttered by some invisible creature:—"It is not kingly to fare sumptuously and live luxuriously; but to watch

over the good of the people, and to lessen their sufferings by ceasing to oppress them." When he returned to the city, he called his subjects, and addressed them thus:—"Men! my mind was hitherto blind to the truth. This day a voice from Heaven has roused me to a sense of duty. I hope from to-day that no tyrant will oppress any of my subjects, and no persecutor enter the house of any." He then ordered his porters to publish this throughout the city. The people rejoiced at the intelligence, for their fondest wish was now fulfilled. In short, the king's justice became the theme of conversation everywhere. Kids were suckled by lionesses, and ducklings sported with hawks. Hence he was named *Shah Dad*. (The just king.) One of his courtiers asked him why he had renounced tyranny and taken to justice. He replied and said, "The reason of my awaking to a sense of equity is this:—as I was riding about in a forest, I saw a dog chasing a fox, and worrying her by repeated attacks on her hind legs. The fox, half lame, ran into the cleft of a rock, and the dog returned. That very moment some person flung a stone at him, which broke his leg; a few minutes had hardly elapsed, when the man received a kick from a horse, and had his leg fractured, and the horse had not gone far when his leg went into a hole and broke. This aroused me. I said to myself, thou hast seen what these creatures did and what they have received. Take heed then. These things show to thee that evil doers never go unpunished. This cured me of neglect, and opened the gates of reformation for me.

STORY XVII.—*The Crow, the Serpent and the Jackal*.—A crow lived in a valley and had built her nest in the cleft of a rock, near which was the hole of a serpent. When the crow had young ones, the serpent would eat them up, and thus afflict her heart. When this oppressive conduct had gone beyond measure, the crow related the particulars to a jackal, a friend of hers, and said that she wished by some means or other to save her young from the serpent. "How can this be done?" enquired the Jackal, "how will you accomplish your end without coming to grief yourself?" She replied—"I wish, when he falls asleep, to attack him with my bill and pick out his eyes, so that he may never harm my tender young ones again." "Your plan is not wise," returned the Jackal. "When you attack an enemy, you should first ensure your own safety; otherwise you will suffer what the otter did."

STORY XVIII.—*The Otter, the Crab and the Fishes*.—An Otter lived on the banks of a tank, and was exclusively employed in preying on fish found therein. The rest of his time was devoted to luxury. When his youthful vigour had departed, and the infirmities of age began to press hard on him, he gave way to regrets, and exclaimed: "Alas! I have uselessly wasted the best days of life, regardless of the future.

Nothing have I acquired, which can now be of advantage to me in my decline. I cannot prey any longer, and yet I must support myself. Better it is to have recourse to artifice, and gain my ends by means of guile. Sighing and weeping, he drew near the pond, and beheld a crab, who approached him, and asked why he looked so sad. "I am sorry," he replied, "because I have hitherto lived by preying on fish, and now I cannot; for if their number had not decreased, I would not have been placed in this plight. Two fishermen passing this way, were speaking amongst themselves, that there were a good many fishes in this tank, and that means should be devised to ensnare them. Another remarked, that there was a pond in the vicinity which contained more, and that it was better to be done with that first. Now," continued the otter, "if such is really the case, I may as well despair of the sweets of life, and accept the bitterness of death at once." The moment the crab heard these words, he went to the finny tribe, and related the particulars to them. Loud were the lamentations raised by these creatures. How to escape they knew not. At last, the crab proposed that as this news was communicated to him by the otter, in a disinterested spirit, it was best to repair to him, in hopes that he might show them the way how to escape. The fishes unanimously adopted the suggestion, and bent their way to the otter. "Through you," they said, "we have received disastrous intelligence: as we are powerless, may we hope for advice from you? Enemy as you are, still, as you are wise, we are sure that you will not sacrifice truth for any petty consideration, nor give us a wrong advice; particularly as you are interested in the matter, living as you do on us. Pray, how do you counsel us then?" He replied, "You cannot escape from the fishermen, and I see no other way of safety but this: there is a pond in the neighbourhood, unapproachable to the brute creation, and more particularly to men. If you could go there, the rest of your lives would be a long term of pleasure and ease." "Splendid advice this," observed the fishes, "but how are we to go there, unless you be our guide?" "As much as lies in my power," returned the otter, "I shall render you assistance; but unfortunately the way is very dangerous, and it is impossible for more than a few to go at a time. What's worse again is, that we must expedite matters, and therefore I should advise you to leave me alone and look for your own safety: I fear I may fail in the undertaking, and lose my credit with you." But no,—the fishes would put up with no excuse. At last, it was decided that a few would accompany their kind guide daily, to be put into the pond. From the next morning, then, he escorted a few of the fishes to a neighbouring hillock, and there devoured them leisurely. On his return, when the others would express a desire of departing, he would pity their state; but at

the same time could not help shedding tears at their foolish haste. In sooth, he who is over-reliant on the professions of a false friend, deserves to be treated in the same manner. After the lapse of many days, the crab expressed a wish of being taken to the pond. The otter consented at once; for he knew that this was his greatest enemy, and it was best to treat him in the way that his finny friends were dealt with. He lifted him upon his shoulders, and proceeded in the well-known way. From a distance, the crab beheld a heap of fish-bones, and at once knew how matters stood. He thought that it was committing suicide to allow an enemy to encompass his destruction, without stirring in the matter himself. If he tried to frustrate his plans, he knew he would be benefited in one of two ways. If he overcame his adversary he would gain fame; and if overcome, he would die an honorable death. Whereupon he stuck to the otter's neck, and held it fast. The otter, unable to move, became powerless; fell on the ground, and expired. The crab alighted from his shoulders, returned to the tank, where he lamented the fate of the poor dupes who had been killed, congratulated the survivors on their escape, and disclosed the true state of things as they were. Much did the fishes rejoice, knowing that the death of the otter was the means of their own salvation.

STORY XIX.—*The Wolf, the Hare and the Fox*.—A famished Wolf was running about in search of food, when by chance he beheld a hare fast asleep in a bush. Slowly was he approaching her, when the hare heard the sound of his footsteps, and starting up, was on the point of running off; but the wolf stood in the way, and flight was impossible. Sobbing out aloud, she said, "I know your hunger is very great at present, but I am so insignificant as hardly to form a morsel, and will that satisfy you? In the neighbourhood there lives a fox, who can scarcely move on account of her corpulency. I shall try my best to entrap her, so that your Honor may feast on her. If you are satisfied, good; if not, I am at your service. The wolf, beguiled by these promises, bent his way towards the residence of the fox. When they drew near, the hare went ahead and saluted Mrs. Reynard, who received her very kindly, and enquired whence and with what intention had she (the hare) come. "I had long a wish," said the hare, "to come and see you; but sickness prevented. At present, a great personage, who has been appointed governor of this forest, has expressed a wish to be introduced to you through me. He has heard of your retirement, and will esteem it a favor to be allowed to call on you to-day, leisure permitting: if not, another day will do. The fox, who well understood cunning and artifice, saw through the intention of the hare by the drift of her conversation, and immediately determined to pay her off with her own coin. After flattering her, she remarked:—"I am always ready

to receive travellers. I make it a point to entertain them kindly, in hopes that one of these days I may be honored with the visit of some really great personage, whose words of wisdom will serve to edify me. To entertain such people I shall never fail. Though wise men have said, that every one eats the bread destined for him, never mind on whose board; yet when he eats the same in my house, it is imperative on me to treat him hospitably; notwithstanding that the bread he eats is the bread destined for him. Pray wait a few minutes, until I make every thing right for the reception of my august guest." The hare fancied that her artifice had succeeded, and that the object aimed at would soon be hit. She replied, "The guest is of a religious turn of mind, and cares very little for outward show. But never you mind, prepare what you like." Saying so she went out, and cheered the wolf with news of how she had succeeded in deceiving the fox. Reynard, however, was more prudent. She immediately dug a pit at the entrance of her house, and covered it up with straw and rubbish. She then prepared another way for egress, to be availed of if required. Then raising her voice, she called out, "Enter my kind guest!" and decamped. The wolf and the hare advanced, when down they fell into the dark pit. The wolf, fancying that this was a trick played on him by the hare, immediately tore her to pieces, and then expired through hunger.

STORY XX.—*The Lion and other Animals*.—Near Bagdad there was a park, lovely in climate, and teeming with the delights of life. Many animals had taken up their abode in it, and amongst the rest a hot-tempered lion, who sometimes afflicted the others by destroying their young. One day the leading members of their community waited on him, and after expressing sentiments of respect for him, began:—"We are your subjects and troops; sacrifice us you can; but where is the use of our living for ever in fear of you, and of your taking the trouble of preying on us. We have thought of a very good plan, which will save you trouble, and free us from anxieties. If it be not inconvenient for you, and if you agree to abide by your promise, we shall daily present you with an animal to feed upon. The lion agreed, and from that day they cast lots among themselves, and he whose name was drawn was sent to be devoured by the lion. It happened once that a hare was thus doomed to destruction. He begged for a short delay, promising to free them from the clutches of the blood-thirsty tyrant at once. As they all respected his good sense, they complied with his request, and delayed till the hour appointed had passed by. The lion was enraged and gnashed his teeth. When the hare drew near, he found him highly indignant, ravenously hungry, and loud in denouncing the faithlessness of the other beasts. Slowly he approached, and paid obeisance to the King. "Whence art thou

coming?" roared the lion, "and why have the leading members of thy community broken their promise?" "They have not been guilty of negligence," returned the hare; "they sent a rabbit for you, and I was bringing it with me, when we met a lion in the way, who took it away by force. I was not backward in telling him that the animal was for your majesty, but he heeded me not; saying that this park was his, and he the king of the forest. He talked in such a boasting tone that I was afraid he would attack me also. Hence I have run to you to give all the particulars." The hungry lion felt ashamed. "Hare!" he exclaimed, "show that creature to me, and I shall avenge both thee and myself." "Come on," said the hare, "I have marked his abode. For all that he did say against you, I would have, if I could, broken his head, and made a cup of his skull for other animals to drink water out of it; but nevertheless, I hope to see him in your clutches." Thus having said, he led the way, the foolish lion following. Taking him to a well, the water of which was clear and transparent as glass, whence the looks of the beholder were faithfully reflected, he addressed him thus:—"My lord! your enemy lives in this well: I cannot face him through fear; if you would take me in your arms, I would point him out to you." The lion did as desired. The moment that his eyes fell on the shadow, he fancied that that was his adversary, with the identical rabbit in his arms. Leaving the hare on the edge he jumped down, and met with a watery death. The hare returned and gave the happy news to the rest. Great was their joy at the event, and many the thanks they offered to God for their deliverance.

STORY XXI.—*The Fish and the Fishermen.* In the basin of a fountain lived three fishes, quite content with their lot. Two or three fishermen by chance passed that way, and seeing them, hastened to fetch their nets. The three friends being apprised of their design, were very much alarmed. One of them, who was the wisest, availed herself of the night, and without consulting her companions escaped from the basin into the Fountain itself. In the morning the fishermen made their appearance, and surrounded the basin on all sides. Another fish, who was partially wise, regretted she had not escaped with her sister; but now, as the way was closed, she resolved to have recourse to artifice. The wise she thought, have said, that at the time of distress plans avail little or nothing; but still, the prudent should try their best to ensure safety. Whereupon she feigned to be dead, and floated on the surface of the water. The fishermen took her up, and thinking she was really lifeless, flung her aside. She then crawled to the fountain and escaped. The third, who was the most foolish, remained stirring about in the water, until caught.

STORY XXII.—*The Tortoise and the Scorpion.* A tortoise and a scorpion, who were great

friends, would never on any occasion separate. Once they had occasion to travel, and both set out from their native country in search of some clime where they could pass their days in ease. By chance they came to a river which they were to pass. The scorpion became sorrowful and cast down his head. "Friend," asked the tortoise "why art thou sorrowful? Why hast thou banished joy?" "Brother," returned the other, "how are we to cross this river? Swim I cannot, nor can I leave thee. What is to be done?" "Rest your mind," replied his friend, "I shall see you safe on the other side. Whereupon, he placed the scorpion on his back and began swimming, when a strange scratching sound reached his ears. From the movements of the creature on his back, he divined the cause, and enquired what his friend was about. "I am only trying my sting on the covering of your back," answered the scorpion. The tortoise got offended and said, "Impolite as you are! is this proper? I have cast myself in this stream on your account, so that you can safely reach the opposite shore. If you have no gratitude in you, and cannot return good for good, at least spare your stings, which I am sure cannot do me any harm." "Although I am your friend," returned the other, "and much obliged to you, yet my nature is so. I must sting some one, foe or friend." The tortoise now recalled to mind the saying of the wise. "By rearing up a vile wretch, you endanger your own honor." On a sudden he gave a plunge and set the scorpion afloat. "Dear friend," he called out terrified, "What have you done? my life is in danger." "Very sorry; but can't help it," replied the tortoise, "my nature is so.—It is evil to do good to the wicked."—

STORY XXIII.—*The Duck and the Fish.*—A duck who lived near a pond, used to support life by killing and eating fish. One evening she returned home rather late, and perceiving the moon reflected from the water imagined it to be a large fish. She tried her best to get it; but to no purpose. After this when she saw the fishes swimming about, she took them to be the reflex of the moon, and made no effort to catch them, saying, "What is the use of trying again?" The result was, that she was always starving.

STORY XXIV.—*The Hawk and the tame Fowl.* A hawk arguing with a tame fowl, remarked, "You are faithless and ungrateful, notwithstanding that faith and gratitude are clearly prized by all living creatures. Humanity and reason also tell us to value these qualities." "What faithlessness have you seen in me," asked the fowl, "and what acts of ingratitude?" "One sign is this, replied the other, that though every one is kind to you, feeds you, and gives you place to live in, yet when any one tries to catch you, you fly about from place to place, and hide yourself in holes and corners. Is this

the gratitude you show to him who feeds you? For my part, though I am wild, yet if they feed me for a day or two, I understand the obligation I owe them. I hunt for them, and return at their call from any distance." "All this is very true," returned the fowl, "but there is a vast difference between your returning, and my flying away. You have never yet seen a hawk roasted on a spit. If you had beheld what I have, you would have fled from mountain to mountain, to escape falling into the hands of man.

STORY XXV.—*The Gardener and the Nightingale*.—A farmer owned a garden, rich in floral treasures, and blooming with roses. Every morning the heart of the gardener rejoiced to see the buds opening. Once upon a time he beheld a nightingale placing her mouth near a rose, and tearing its leaves with her bill, all the while singing merrily. The man got angry at the sight of the destruction of the flower, and soon contrived, by means of grains, to deceive the bird, whom he entrapped and put into a cage. She, afflicted in heart, opened her mouth and asked, "Friend, why hast thou confined me? If it is on account of my voice, my nest is in thy garden; but if it is for some other cause, let me know it, and I shall call patience to aid, and remain quiet." "Knowest thou not," asked the farmer, "how much you have distressed me by destroying my roses in which I take so much delight?" Are these thy thoughts?" asked the bird. "Consider for a while: if for destroying a flower I am to be punished by being encaged, how shouldst thou be for afflicting and distressing a heart?" The farmer was affected, and he released the bird who thanked him very kindly; and not to be wanting in gratitude, informed him that under such a tree there was a ewer full of gold buried. This she wished him to exhume and bring to his use. The farmer followed the advice given him, and succeeded in gaining the treasure. Full of astonishment, "Nightingale!" he exclaimed, "how is it that thou could'st see treasure under ground, and yet overlook the snare laid for thee above it?" "Knowest thou not," asked the bird that before fate the light of wisdom and the plans of reason are equally powerless?"

STORY XXVI.—*The Hunter, the Fox and the Leopard*.—A hunter, going through a forest, met a fox, whose appearance pleased him very much. He took a fancy to its sleekness, and imagined that its hide would fetch a good price. He pursued the creature, and knowing its course, dug a ditch in its way, covered it up with straw and rubbish, placed a carcass on it, and lay in wait himself. The fox, attracted by the smell, approached the snare laid in its way; but exercising prudence, she remembered that it was running a risk in going after it. She thought it was possible that the remains of some animal were deposited somewhere, but at the same time, it was likely that a snare may

have been laid in her way: giving up the pursuit then, she remained safe. In the meantime, a leopard, descending from the mountain, scented out the lure and fell into the ditch in trying to get it. When the hunter was apprised of the fall, he ran to the well, and led on by covetousness, purposely threw himself into it. The leopard believing that the hunter had intentions of robbing him of his food, made a leap and tore open the intruder's stomach. Thus the covetousness of the hunter brought him to destruction, while the contentedness of the fox saved him from the same fate.—

STORY XXVII. *The Crow, the Wolf, the Jackal, the Lion and the Camel*.—A malicious crow, a cunning wolf and a wily jackal lived together in the service of a lion, whose range was in a neighbouring wood. A merchant's camel, overcome by fatigue, had lagged behind, within the dreadful limits of the forest. After a time, when partially invigorated, he went about in search of pasture, and came across the lion, whom he received with the greatest respect. The lion, also, very kindly enquired how he was, and with what intention had he come. "As long as I knew not your majesty, I lived on the grass of the fields; now that I have been honored with your acquaintance, I am at your service, and ready to do what you direct." "Very good," replied the lion, "in my service, you may rest assured no evil will befall you." In this way some time passed off. One day, the lion in one of his hunting excursions met an elephant, who stood out to fight with him. Long and dreadful was the encounter. At last the lion was wounded and had to beat a retreat to his own quarters. The wolf, the crow and the jackal, who were all fed through his instrumentality, now began to famish. As it is the case with chiefs to feel more for the wants of their subordinates, than for their own, the lion was much grieved at their distress, and told them to look out for prey in the forest, and when found, to inform him. He would go himself, he added, and hunt it down for them. Departing from the lion's presence, they began consulting among themselves, that it would be better to destroy the camel, whose dwelling there was productive of no good to the lion, and with whom they had no friendship. If the lion could be persuaded to destroy him, he, as well as they, would leisurely feed on his remains for a good many days. "Abandon such thoughts," said the jackal, "the lion has promised him protection, and has favored him with his friendship. He who persuades a monarch to break his promise to a protégé, is faithless to his duty, and cursed both by God and man". "Think of some plan," suggested the crow, "whereby his majesty can recal his promise." "Stop a bit," he continued, "I shall come back in an instant."—He went to the lion and stood before him. "Well, have you found a prey?" "Please your majesty," replied the crow, "hunger has made us blind, and weakness disables us from moving about. But I have thought

of a plan; if you would agree to it, it would relieve us all from our distresses." "What is that plan?" enquired the lion. "The camel who feeds in the forest," began the crow, "is a perfect stranger to us, and we derive no benefit from his stay. He is the prey we have found." "Curses be on such ministers," exclaimed the lion, enraged, "whose thoughts run only on wickedness, and who have no lenity and generosity in their nature. Fool of a crow! knowest thou not that I have promised protection to him?—And what religion sanctions faithlessness and falsehood?" "Protector of the world!" urged the crow, "knowing that the wise have maintained that it is an act of wisdom to defend that which is right, I have presumed to represent matters to your majesty in their true light. Sages have said, that sacrifice for the defence of a city, or for the advantage of the sovereign is beneficial in the end, because on the king's safety depends the prosperity of his subjects. If you have any scruple in regard to the violation of your promise, it is imperative on us to devise some plans whereby the odium will be removed from you, at the same time that our own relief may be secured." The lion bent his head, but said not a word. The crow joined his friends and recounted all the particulars to them. Whereupon they agreed to repair to the lion, and ask him to accept of their good will in his behalf, and to represent, that as they owed a debt of gratitude to his majesty, it was now a part of their duty, at a time when he himself was in distress, to come forward and sacrifice their lives in his service. The resolution they came to, was to request of him to feed on any one of them. By this means, they fancied they would succeed in entrapping their old foe, the camel. Acting upon this, they in a body went to the lion. The crow opened business thus:—"My happiness is dependent upon yours, and in the present exigency it is by all means necessary that I should ask of you the favor not to spare me." "What satisfaction," chimed in the others, "will his majesty derive by eating you?" The crow held his tongue. "I," said the jackal, "have received many favours at your hand, and I only wish that fortune will aid me so far, as to destine me to become your prey." "You are a well-wisher," returned the rest, "and hence your request; but your flesh is by no means wholesome, and the king will be more harmed than benefited by feeding on you." When the jackal had finished, the wolf preferred a similar request, but his friends came forward, and opined that feeding on his flesh was detrimental to health. The poor camel's turn came the last. After blessing the king, he expressed himself willing to be of service to his majesty, to whom he was so highly indebted for past favours. "Blessings on thee," exclaimed his enemies, "for thy fidelity. Right it is what

thou sayest. Thy flesh will be highly relished by thy sovereign, and every praise is due to thee for thy courage in coming forward to serve him with so much magnanimity. Thou hast secured immortal fame for thyself in this world." Saying which, they attacked him in a body, and tore him to pieces; the famished lion being too weak either to check them, or to commend his faithful servant.

STORY XXVIII.—*The Male and Female Sandpiper*.—Many animals known as Sandpipers are found on the banks of the rivers of India. A pair of these occupied a home on the banks of one of these rivers. When breeding time approached, the female told the male that it was proper to look out for some place wherewith she might deposit her eggs in safety. "Where we are at present," returned her partner, "is the best place for the purpose." "But," returned the female, "if the river rise and carry off our young ones, what shall we do?" "Rest you satisfied," replied the male, "the god of the river will never be guilty of such an act of boldness, and if he does, we shall settle him." "What I plainly see," continued the female, "is, that we need not be unreasonable in our calculations. If the river-god becomes overbold, how can we retaliate on him? Banish your ideas of safety, and stick to my advice, otherwise you will prove the fate which befel the tortoise."

STORY XXIX.—*The Drake, the Duck and the Tortoise*.—A pair of ducks and a tortoise lived in a pond. As neighbours, they had contracted friendship for each other. The company of the one was delightful to the other. A sudden calamity befel them however, when the water of the pond began to dry. The ducks had nothing left but to exile themselves, and sad and sorrowful, they repaired to the tortoise to take leave of him. He, poor creature, wept at the intelligence, and declared that he was unable to bear the pangs of separation. "We also suffer as much," returned the birds, "but we are powerless against the drought." "Friends," said the tortoise, "you know that want of water will be more injurious to me than to you. If old acquaintance is not to be forgotten, take me with you, and thereby free me from the pains that absence will inflict." "The anguish we feel," replied the birds, "at parting from you, is more than that which afflicts us in leaving our native country; but it is difficult for us to walk on the ground, and impossible for you to fly. How then can we be together?" "Your own wisdom must devise some means for the purpose, for the thoughts of absence have made me perfectly dull." The birds hereupon remarked that they had often found him too much given to levity, and feared that he might not abide by the instructions that they would give him. "I may have been light at one time," said the tortoise, "but now, when danger is impending, you will not find me departing from the pro-

mise I make." The ducks then agreed to take him with them, on the conditions that when they raised him aloft in the air, he would not utter a single word; and that when the eyes of men fell upon them, he would not respond to any remark which might be made by them. "Very well," said the tortoise, "I will obey your orders, and hold my tongue." The ducks brought a piece of wood which the tortoise held between his teeth. They then each held one of its extremities in her and his bills, and winged their flight on high. Passing over a city, a large concourse of people beheld them, and filled with astonishment, exclaimed, "See! see! a tortoise is being carried off by ducks." The sight being novel to them, the noise they made was awful indeed. For a time the tortoise held his peace; at last, his folly getting the better of him, he forgot the promise he had made, and opening his mouth was going to cry out, "May they be blind who cannot see!" when down he dropped on the ground. The ducks sorrowfully called out to him, "It is proper for friends to advise, and for the good to hear."

Moral. He who neglects the advice of friends, attempts his own destruction.

STORY XXX.—*The Monkeys and their Adviser.* In the cleft of a rock lived several monkeys. They fed on fruits. By chance in a dark night, they were surprised by winter, and shivering with cold, went about looking for some place of shelter. Accidentally they came across a shining cartridge, and taking it for fire, collected wood round it, and commenced puffing, to kindle it into a blaze. Some animal from a tree called out that cartridge was not fire; but they heeded not his words. A man passing that way, advised the adviser not to trouble himself by counselling the monkeys—"For," said he, "they will not hear you, and to court their friendship is as wise as to examine a sword by striking it on a rock, or to try to know the efficacy of bezoar stone by swallowing deadly poison." When the animal saw that the monkeys did not hear him, he came down from the tree to convince them that there was no fire in the cartridge. The result was that the monkeys cut off his head.

STORY XXXI.—*The Two Friends and the Purse of Gold.*—There were two friends, one considered sharp on account of his wisdom, and the other gay, for his superficiality. They both went out to trade. In the way they found a purse of gold-mohurs. "Brother," said the wiser of the two, "the world has so much wealth, that she can afford to reward the idle. It is better for us now to return home contented, and pass the rest of our lives in ease." They both turned their steps homewards. When near the city, they put up for the night in the suburbs. "Brother," said the gay companion, "let us divide the money equally, so that each of us may spend his portion as he likes." The wise one answered, "It is not advisable

to divide. Let us take out a small sum and bring it to our common use; the rest should be deposited in a safe place, whence we can always draw when required. This will save us from calamities." The gay friend agreed to the proposition, and taking a small sum for immediate use, they buried the rest under a tree, and returned home. At night-fall, the wiser of the two came back, and removed the whole of the treasure to his own house. The merry-hearted friend was for a long time satisfied with the amount he had received: when all was exhausted, he thought of drawing on the treasure under ground. His friend joined him: they both proceeded to the well-known place, but in spite of all their search, no trace of the money could they find. The wiser of the two hereupon arrested the other, and charged him with the theft, declaring that none but he knew the place where the purse was buried. It was a case of a thief impeaching the chief officer of police. In spite of all his oaths and protestations to the contrary, he was not believed, but taken before the magistrate, and charged with the robbery. That officer shrewdly perceived how the case stood, and after requiring the plaintiff to produce witnesses, said he would take the deposition on oath of the defendant. The complainant represented that there were no persons present when the treasure was inhumed; but still for all that, he was so sure of the justice of his cause, that if deputies were sent with him, and he went there and prayed to God, it was probable that the Almighty would have mercy on him, and make the tree give up the name of the thief. After a long conference, they at last determined to go next morning to the place where the treasure was buried, and see what wonders would come to light. The merry-hearted friend was sent to prison, while the other went home, disclosed all the particulars to his father, declared that he depended on him for assistance, and requested of him to aid in making the tree publish the name of the thief. If successful, he added, the money robbed, together with the fine which the defendant will be ordered to pay, would enable them to live happily thenceforward. The father wished to know what he was to do. "The tree in question," said his son, "is hollow, and two men can unperceived hide themselves in it. This night you go and remain in the hollow of its trunk, to-morrow I shall come with the magistrate's deputies, and after prayers will call on the tree to name the thief. You can then return a suitable response, whereby that gay-hearted friend of mine may be implicated." "Son," returned the father, "leave such thoughts aside. Supposing we can deceive man; God who knows all the secrets of our hearts can never be deceived. The treacherous and fraudulent are sure to be punished even here. The rich and the poor will scorn him alike, and infamy is the lot reserved for him."

STORY XXXII.—*The Frog, the Serpent, the Crab and the Ichneumon.* A frog lived near the hole of a serpent, who was always in the habit of destroying her young. She happened to know a crab to whom she spoke, saying:—"Friend, devise some means to rid me of a powerful foe whom I cannot overcome; nor can I leave my native country because it is so agreeable." "Do not fear," returned the crab; "though the enemy is strong, still we can entrap him by cunning." "Tell me what I am to do," said the Frog. "In such a place," continued the other, "there lives an ichneumon. Kill a certain number of fishes, and place them on the way which leads to the serpent's hole. The ichneumon will go on eating one after the other, till he will reach the serpent and make an end of him also." The frog did as desired, and the serpent was killed; but the ichneumon having once tasted fish, returned the next day to the same place in hopes of getting more. Not finding any, he fell on the frog and her young ones, and ate them up.

Moral. The cunning are entrapped in their own snares.

STORY XXXIII.—*The Gardener and the Bear.*—A foolish gardener had contracted friendship with a bear. In gardens or fields they were always seen together. The shaggy brute also had become so fond of his companion, that when he (the man) slept, the other would sit down and drive away the flies from his face. One day the flies were very numerous. The bear tried his best to hunt them away from his sleeping companion's face, but to no purpose. When dispersed from one side, they would re-assemble, and return from another. The bear much enraged at their pertinacity, took up a large stone and flung it on the gardener's face in hopes of crushing the flies; but which only served to crack the skull of the poor fellow.

STORY XXXIV.—*The two Friends and the Deposit.*—A tradesman of broken fortune having had occasion to go on a journey, deposited a hundred maunds of iron in a friend's house to take it back when required. After long travels he returned home, and went to get back his deposit. The friend, who had in the meantime sold off the whole store, said "Brother! I kept the iron you gave me in a corner of the house, not knowing that a rat's hole was there. By the time I came to know of the fact, these destructive creatures had eaten up all." The tradesman knew this could not be true; still, while he was thinking of some plan to detect the thief, he repeated to himself, "Well, it looks possible. Rats are very partial to iron, and their teeth can chew it well too." The liar seeing that the merchant was so easily gulled, tried to make matters stronger, and invited him to a feast. The other excused himself that day, on the plea of business, promising to come on the morrow. He then departed, and quietly carried off the youngest son of his host, whom he hid in his own house. The next morning he found his

friend very sad. "Brother," he asked, "why do I see you disturbed?" "My youngest son, the pride and delight of my life, and the light of my eyes," replied the other, "is missing from yesterday. I have looked for him every where; but to no purpose." "Oh—I remember now," said the merchant, "a child, much like the one you are speaking about, was seen by me yesterday being carried off by a sparrow-hawk." "Fool!" exclaimed the afflicted parent, "why relate impossible stories. How can a sparrow-hawk fly away with a child?" "It is a matter of no surprise," said the tradesman, smiling, "where rats eat a hundred maunds of iron, sparrow-hawks can take away children too." The man guessed how matters stood. "Rats did not eat iron," he said. "Well then," returned the other, "neither did a sparrow-hawk take away thy child. Give me back my iron, and I shall restore thee thy child."

STORY XXXV.—*The hungry Fox.*—A hungry fox was roaming about in search of prey, when all on a sudden she smelt some dainty, and ran towards it. She found a bit of skin lying, the flesh having been eaten up by some other animal. The sight cheered her, and brightening up, she caught hold of the skin and ran homewards. In the way she had to pass a village, where she beheld a few fat fowls feeding, and a slave, Zeeruk by name, watching them. The fox felt desirous of trying to get one of the birds. In the meanwhile a wolf came up and enquired why his sister appeared so sorrowful. "Brother," she answered, "I am very hungry, and God has granted me but this piece of skin. I am therefore desirous to get one of these fowls, and feast on it to-day." "But it is not easy to surprise them," returned the other. "I have been daily trying to get one; but to no purpose. The boy who looks after them is very vigilant, and I have nothing left but to live longing for one, night and day. Be content with the fresh skin that you have come across, and forego all thoughts of getting a bird." "Brother," said the fox, "my courage will not allow me to live on a tasteless bit of hide. I must have fresh meat." "Fool that thou art," replied the wolf, "dost thou call covetousness, courage? Knowest thou not that happiness is found in contentment? I am afraid thy greediness will deprive thee of even what thou hast got."

STORY XXXVI.—*The Ass who lost his tail.*—An ass who had lost his tail was running about every where in search of it. At last he entered a field. The farmer, seeing the mischief he was making, ran after him and cut off both his ears. The poor ass thus not only failed in getting back his tail, but lost his ears in the bargain.

STORY XXXVII.—*The Revealer of Secrets punished.*—In ancient times there lived a king, who on account of his worldliness was no friend of wise men: but mean, vile wretches, flatterers and parasites always found favor with him. One of these companions was his especial confidant.

One day they were out hunting. When near their tents, the king asked his companion to make their horses run a race; "For," said he, "I am very desirous of knowing whether my dark bay, or thy white horse, is the swifter of the two." The other did as desired, and they both went dashing forward, until they had left the park far behind them. The monarch then drew in his reins, and opening his mouth, "Brother," he said to the other, "I had an object in bringing thee here: I wanted a retired place like this to trust thee with a secret; but take care never disclose it to any one." The companion, like a true rascal, swore he would never open his mouth. "Well then," said the king, "I suspect my brother. I see he is disaffected, and I am sure he has determined to kill me: but before he can carry out his plans, I wish to remove him from my path, and thus save my kingdom from falling into his hands. Be you always vigilant, and look to my safety." "Who am I," returned his companion, "to be honored with your confidence? But as your majesty has trusted me, be sure that I shall not be wanting in my duty." While yet speaking, he had already resolved to betray his master, and the very first opportunity offering itself, he went and disclosed all to the king's brother, who was much obliged to him for the news, rewarded him handsomely, and promised to bear his claims on him in mind. Now it happened that the king was not fated to live long. His brother gained the throne in succession, and the first order he passed was one for the execution of his brother's confidant. "Is this the return for my good wishes in your favor?" asked the poor fellow. "There is no crime," replied the king, "so heinous in this world as revealing secrets, and you have been found guilty of that crime. When you hesitated not to betray my brother, whose confidant you were, what trust can I place in you?" In short, all the entreaties of the condemned proved fruitless, and he was executed.

Moral. Revealing secrets never produce good fruits.

STORY XXXVIII.—*The King and the Ascetic.* A devout king waited upon an ascetic, and begged of him to give him some advice. "King," said the man of God, "before the Divinity there are two worlds, one, this temporary visible one, and the other, the everlasting and invisible. It befits the wise not to be immersed in the vanity of the one, but to devote all their attention to the concerns of the other." "But how am I to be acquainted with the mysteries of the last?" enquired the king. "Give not way to lust and anger," returned the hermit, "forego luxury, and night and day help the humble, and redress the grievances of the oppressed. He who wishes to please God, will gain an eternal reward in the other world. But to secure such a prize, it is necessary to help the poor and to punish tyrants, because

God has appointed kings to watch over the safety of their subjects, and hence it is incumbent on rulers not to let a day or a night pass without attending to their wants, lest any one of them should come to distress on account of his negligence. Monarch," continued the sage, "there are persons who hesitate to speak right, fearing that they may be injured thereby. Wise is that prince, who in his wish to do good to his subjects, gives no ground to his ministers to withhold the truth. If humanity errs, as err it will sometimes, far be it from the king to deny the right of hearing and redressing the wrong done." The ascetic's words pleased the king very much. Thenceforward he avoided flatterers and availed himself of the company of the holy man, from whose instructions he derived a great deal of benefit. One day as he was sitting near him, a crowd of applicants, seeking justice, made their appearance. The king desired the devotee to attend to their complaints. He did as desired, and wisely laid a synopsis of each complaint before his majesty, who approving of his penetration, requested of him to decide cases of a similar nature, and thus assist him (the king). From that day, therefore, the ascetic was every moment engaged in hearing the complaints that were laid before him, and often it happened that the public interest was benefited by his right dealings. Daily was he engaged in political and revenue matters, till at last avarice assailed his heart and the voice of wisdom was neglected. This world—whom has she not fascinated? Few there are who have escaped her wiles. When the king saw that his friend's measures were characterised by sense and vigour, he entrusted him with full powers, so that he who had at one time a loaf of bread to care for, was now concerned in the administration of a kingdom;—he who had once to arrange but a blanket, had now to guide and direct the affairs of an empire. One day another hermit, who was a friend and confidant of our prime-minister, paid him a visit, and found the state of things to be in a strange plight. Much surprised, he asked of his brother what he was doing. Much as the other wished to excuse himself, he was unable to do so. "Avarice and self-aggrandisement," said the hermit, "have wrecked thy reason, and hence it is that lust and anger have overpowered thee. Better it is now to abandon thy evil habits, to purify thyself from the alloy of worldliness, and to close the door of intercourse against the children of vanity." "But, dear friend," remonstrated the hermit, "intercourse with the world has not changed me in the least. What I always was, I am now, and thou knowest this well." "The eyes of thy wisdom," returned the other, "are, I see, closed for ever. No means canst thou find to extricate thyself, and when thine eyes will be opened it will be too late. I am afraid you will meet with the same fate which befel the

blind man, who could not distinguish a whip from a snake.

STORY XXXIX.—*The Faqir*. In a city of Persia there lived a holy faqir, whom the people gave credit for great purity and enlightenment. A durwesh hearing of his sanctity was filled with a strong desire of seeing him, and came on a long journey for the purpose. Knocking at the door, he was told by the servant that the master of the house had gone on a visit to the reigning sovereign, but that he would return presently. As soon as the word "king" was mentioned, the durwesh shook his head. "Vain has been the trouble I have taken," he said. "What advantage can I gain from one who visits kings. He returned thence, and was retracing his steps, abusing the faqir in his blindness, when some spies meeting him on the way, professed to identify him with a prisoner who had escaped from the jail overnight, and who was ordered to be deprived of his hands the moment he was recaptured. The policeman too on seeing the durwesh, thought of the daring run-away, and ordered him to be taken to the chastisement-room. Though the faqir was loud in declaring himself innocent, yet he was not for a moment believed. When the executioner was on the point of cutting off his hands, a loud report, to the effect that the holy man was coming, filled the room. And true it was. Accompanied by his disciples he entered, enquired into the circumstances of the case, and then turning to the policeman, informed him that the prisoner was no thief, but a durwesh. The officer was glad to hear he was not guilty, and begged of the holy man to pardon him. Freed from the executioner, the poor durwesh went after his patron, who laying his hand on his shoulder addressed him thus:—"Brother! a durwesh should avoid no one,—kings are the chosen of God. They are His representatives here below, and to know and serve them is to honor and serve Him whom they represent. I have always greatly benefited by knowing them, for if I was not acquainted with them, how could I free the oppressed and innocent like thyself?" The hearer was convinced of his folly, and acknowledged that what saints do is never wrong.

Moral. It is for purposes of beneficence that the good and the saintly hold intercourse with kings.

STORY XL.—*The Merchant and his unfaithful Wife*.—In Cashmere there lived a merchant, very rich, owning numerous slaves. His wife was extremely pretty. In the neighbourhood resided a painter, between whom and the woman a secret correspondence was being carried on. One day the woman told him, "Dear, when you do come, I am not apprised of it until you call me out, or throw stones inside. This necessarily causes delay. Couldn't you call your art to your aid, and devise some plans which would facilitate our intercourse?" "Well, I shall prepare a sheet," replied her lover, "half as white as the reflection of the stars in the water, and the other half

black as a negro in a moon-light night." Whenever you see this, come out at once." Whilst they were thus conversing the painter's slave was overhearing all from the other side of the wall. After a few days the sheet was ready; when the painter departed on some business, which detained him for a day and night. The wily slave, with a plea of admiring the colors laid on the sheet, borrowed it from the painter's daughter, and folding himself up in it repaired to the woman's house. She, who was blindly attached to the painter, could not distinguish friends from strangers. The slave by means of his disguise succeeded in his wish; but just as he had returned from the scene of his triumph, the painter came home, and throwing on the sheet hastened to the merchant's house. The woman came out running and said in a cajoling tone of voice: "Come again so soon!—I hope all's right." The young man guessing how matters stood, excused himself, returned home, chastised both his daughter and his slave, burnt the sheet, and never knew his mistress again. If that woman had been less precipitate, she would not have been dishonored by a slave and renounced by her lover.

STORY XLI.—*The three envious Friends*. Three persons were travelling together. The eldest asked the other two "Why have you left the enjoyments of your native country to undergo all the fatigues of travel?" "In the city where I lived," replied one, "my friends and relations acquired wealth and were living happily. I envied their enjoyments, and therefore made up my mind to leave home for some time, so that I may see them no more." "And I," pursued the second, "have expatriated myself for a similar reason." "Well then," said the eldest, "I sympathise with you, for I too am travelling for a similar purpose." In short the vices of all three cemented their friendship for each other. One day they found a purse of goldmohurs in the way. The three wished to divide the sum amongst themselves and return home; but each envying the other, wished to have the whole sum himself. Not one knew how to act. To leave the money alone was impossible, and to divide it was equally painful to the feelings of each. For a day and night they remained there without food and water, quarrelling with each other. On the next day the king, who had gone out a hunting, passed that way, and beholding the three, approached them in company of his attendants, and asked what they were doing there. They explained. "Each of you describe the nature of his envious feelings," said the king, "I shall divide the money according to the intensity thereof." "I," said the first, "am so envious, that I do not wish to oblige others, lest they may be gratified." "Mine," continued the second, is a degree higher, "I cannot see any one obliging, nor giving any thing to another." "I" pursued the third, "beat you both hollow: I am so envious that I do not wish any one should oblige me." The king was much astonished at the state

of their feelings. "Not one of you," he said, "deserves the gold-mohurs. I shall on the contrary punish you severally. He who does not wish to oblige others, is to go without money, and no one is to do good to him. The second, who cannot see others obliging, should be executed; and the third, his own enemy, who does not wish any one to oblige him, is to be kept in prison until he dies." The first was then stripped and left in a forest without food, the head of the second was cut off; and the third was besmeared with tar and cast into an oven, where he died in the most excruciating agony.

Moral.—Know from this that there are persons who are so envious that they cannot see their own good: how then can they bear to see others happy?

STORY XLII.—*The wise and foolish Physicians.* A person with no judgment and foresight set himself up as physician. His ignorance produced its results, and more were daily killed than cured. A wise physician lived in the same city, so famous for success in his practice, that his very presence restored confidence in any patient. By and by the latter became old and blind, his practice failed, and the quack had all to himself. After a time, he was the only physician left, and people had nothing but to consult him in all cases of disease. It happened that the daughter of the king of that country, a very handsome creature, was married to a cousin of hers. She was far advanced in pregnancy, and when her time came, the pains of child-birth were more than she could bear. The wise physician was called and consulted. He prescribed certain medicines which he thought would act as an anodyne. "But where are these drugs to be got?" they asked. "In the king's Dispensary," he said, "they are kept in a silver casket, to which a gold lock is attached. My sight fails me, hence I cannot search for it." The people then brought in the quack, and told him what the other doctor had prescribed, upon which he declared that his rival was an ignorant pretender, and had learnt the remedy from himself. He moreover expressed himself ready to look for the medicine and prepare the dose. The king called him to his presence, and bade him go get the medicine he required from the Dispensary, and prepare the dose prescribed. But when the quack found himself within the building, he saw innumerable caskets all of the same shape and size as that mentioned by the wise physician. As he had no discrimination to judge of the contents of each, he took up one at hazard, which unfortunately contained deadly poison. The dose was prepared and administered to the patient, who died the moment it was laid on her tongue. The king was enraged at the occurrence, and ordered the remaining doses to be thrust down the throat of the quack, who thus met the fruits of his false pretensions.

STORY XLIII.—*The Merchant, his wife and wicked Slave.*—A merchant, rich and noble,

lived at a time. He had a wife, very handsome, but at the same time modest and devout; also a slave, a native of Bulk, a confirmed libertine, who attended on him. One day by chance the slave's eyes fell on the merchant's wife. Impure desires at once assailed him, and many were the charms and incantations he tried to gain her over to his purpose; but all in vain. Despairing, at last he determined to play some tricks. He bought two parrots from a bird-catcher, and taught them some words in the language of Bulk. One uttered "I saw my mistress sleeping with the porter," to which the other responded, "But I say nothing to it." These birds he presented to his master. They began chirping and repeating the words taught. The merchant, though he did not know the Bulk language, was still highly delighted with their sweet notes, and gave them to his wife to bring them up. She was ignorant of the tongue, and liked the parrots much. The man would often send for them and hear their talk. One day several travellers who understood the Bulk dialect arrived and heard what the birds were repeating. They looked at each other, and beat their heads through shame. The host observed them, and asked why they appeared disturbed. The guests tried to put off the explanation, but could not. At last the boldest of them asked, "Do you know what these birds say?" "No," said the merchant, "I cannot understand what they say, but I like their notes. If you can explain the meaning, let us hear." They explained. The merchant rose in rage. "Friends," he said, "I knew this not. Now when you have disclosed the meaning, there is no excuse left. In my city we cannot take food if a vicious woman is in the house." Hereupon the slave came forward and said he could testify to the truth of what the birds had said. The merchant ordered his wife's head to be cut off. The woman sent word to the effect that it was not proper, in a case like this, to act precipitately. The wise always pause before they come to a resolution, particularly in matters relating to life and death; for if any one really deserves death, he can suffer it at any time; but if after he has been executed, his innocence is proved, what can be done? Regret we will, but of what avail will that be?" Here the merchant sent for his wife. She came and sat behind a screen. The husband opened the case thus. "Parrots are not men to be interested in any matter. What they have seen they say; and besides the slave corroborates the truth of their statement: the crime is too serious, and too well established, and cannot be pardoned after a verbal denial." "I admit the truth of what you say," returned his wife, "but proofs are required. After which, if I am guilty, I am ready to undergo any punishment." "But how can we adduce proofs?" enquired the merchant. "Ask your guests," said the woman, "to see if the birds can utter

any thing else. If not, be sure that that scoundrel of a slave, failing in his attempts on my honor, has taught just those words to the birds; but if yes, I am at your service, and my execution will be right." The merchant after closely enquiring into the particulars, found that the birds could not say any thing more. He knew then that the woman was innocent. The slave was sent for. Expecting a reward, he appeared with a hawk in his hand. "Wretch!" asked the woman, "did you ever see me doing a guilty action!" "Yes," he replied; but just that moment the hawk pounced upon him and pecked out his eyes. "He who accuses the innocent," observed the woman, "should be punished in this way." Thus it was that the wicked slave received his reward.

Moral. Groundless scandal and false evidence, lead to shame.

STORY XLIV.—*The Crow, the Pigeons and the Huntsman.*—There was a delightful field in Cashmere, full of trees, on one of which a crow was sitting, looking on all sides, when he beheld a man approaching with a net on his shoulders and a stick in his hand. The crow, fearing the man had intentions on him, hid himself among the leaves, and thence looked on what was passing. The bird-catcher came, spread his snare, and placed grains on it. Immediately after this, a whole flock of pigeons, led on by an old experienced bird named Mottawukka, made its appearance. The birds were all hungry, and ran towards the grains. The leader, with all the kindness and consideration of a guide, bade them pause; "For" said he, "snares are generally laid with grains of corn spread upon them." Their reason, however was blinded, and the more that the old bird advised them to be cautious, the more eagerly they rushed on. The adviser here thought that if he were to leave them it would be acting faithlessly, and if he followed he was intentionally going into destruction. Abandoning all ideas of the first, he remembered that if he remained with them, he might yet be the means of releasing them from danger. They all descended, and were at once entrapped. "I told you," exclaimed the leader, "not to be precipitate. If you had taken time and considered, all would have gone well." The pigeons were ashamed, and remained struggling in the net. The bird-catcher emerged from his place of concealment and ran towards them. The moment they saw him, they all fluttered in a body to rise. "Deaf to my advice," cried out Mottawukka, "you have been entrapped. Now, instead of each trying to free himself, if all tried to free each other success would be more probable. Your case is like that of the two friends who were wrecked. The boatman jumped after them, and knowing that it was impossible to save both tried to give assistance to one of them. But each refused aid, wishing the boatman to go to the aid of the other. And so now, if you do wish to assist your friends, let all try to fly; perhaps we may be able to lift

the snare." They did as told, and the bird-catcher had to run after them. The crow who was a silent spectator of all that had happened, now wished to see how this ended. Remembering therefore, that the wise can always take a warning from the fate of others, he followed them. In the way the leader advised them to turn to gardens and populous parts of the city, and thus escape from their pursuer's sight. He succeeded in this also. The man, losing sight of them, returned home, and they had time to think of their deliverance from the snare. Their guide thought of a rat, Zeeruk by name, with whom he was well acquainted, and who alone, he knew, would be able to assist them. They alighted therefore in a desert where the rat resided. Hearing the voice of Mottawukka, he emerged from his hole, and seeing his friend in difficulty enquired how it was that he, so wise and prudent, had got into it. The other gave all the particulars, and added, "Thus it is; but what God willed has been done. 'Tis He who can make the fish fly and the bird drop on the ground." "Friend!" said Zeeruk, "cheer up! whatever Providence does is all for our good." After these words, the rat set about cutting the snare in which Mottawukka was entrapped, but he resisted, saying that his friends should be first served. The rat continued his work, when he was thus addressed, "Zeeruk! if you want to gratify me, first oblige by releasing my friends." "Well," said the other, "it appears that you do not much care for yourself. How can I leave the leader and attend to the others?" "Blame me not," replied the other, "but do what I tell you. The pigeons have served and obliged me, and I have been saved by their promptness in heeding me. I now owe a debt to them, which I wish to pay off as soon as I can, and thus maintain the character of a leader. The wisdom of the world has declared, that kings who look after enjoyments, and leave their subjects in distress, are soon deprived of their kingdom and plunged into difficulties. I wish therefore that they should be released first." "As the soul is to the body," observed the rat, "so the king is to his subjects. The wise therefore take more care of the former: if the soul is safe, and the body not injured—all right! but if, (God forbid!) the soul is lost, of what use is the body?" "Cease, cease," said the leader of the pigeons, "you have much to do. If you begin with me, and get tired, many of my friends will be left in the lurch; whereas if they are all freed, and I alone remain in the snare, you will free me in spite of weariness and fatigue." The rat praised the magnanimity of the pigeon, and first freed his friends, and then him. Gladly they all departed home. The crow, who had seen these proceedings, now wished to be acquainted with the serviceable rat; for said he, "What has happened to the pigeons may happen to me also, and then such a friend is of the greatest service in the world." Approaching the hole of the rat, he called him by name. The rat wished to know who he was. "I am a crow,"

was the answer, "and I want to see you on business." The rat was a wise fellow. He knew the world well, and had several recesses ready against dark days. As soon as he heard the voice of the crow, he wished to know what the bird had to do with him, and at the same time was ready for immediate flight. The crow informed him that he had been a silent spectator of the release of the pigeons, and was very desirous of knowing their deliverer. He hoped he would not slight his request, but honor him with his friendship. The rat returned:—"Can we contract *friendship*, when acquaintance even is impossible? Thy desire to be on terms of love with me is as wise as to wish a boat to move on dry ground, or a horse to run on the surface of the river." "But I am sincere in my wish," returned the crow, "do not disappoint me. The generous never spurn a suppliant from their doors." "Crow," said the rat, "leave artifice aside. I know your nature. You belong not to the family I do, and besides this, you are notorious for deceit. I shall never be for a moment secure in your friendly company; and to contract acquaintance with one of whom you are afraid, is but to wish to realise the fate of the Partridge.

STORY XLV.—*The Partridge and the Hawk.* A Partridge was walking about in a valley when a hawk beheld him, and was filled with admiration of his beauty, and the graceful manner in which he walked. Sages, he thought, have said, "He who is friendless is always sick." Determined he was therefore to know the partridge. Approaching him, he was on the point of opening conversation, when the bird misconstruing his designs flew off into the cleft of a rock. The hawk followed her to the fissure and said, "I knew not your good qualities before; but now I cannot live without knowing you. Be not afraid of me but come out." "Brave bird," replied the other, "give up all thoughts of me, and make some other creature your prey. What has straw to do with fire? When fire and water can agree, then I can give up my fears of you." "But," pursued the hawk, "I am not old nor weak, to have recourse to artifice for entrapping you. My talons and bills are not injured, so as to disable me from holding my prey. Nothing but kindness and a desire of company have led me to sue for friendship. Open the eyes of wisdom; make a proper distinction between affection and guile, and come out that I may see you. I shall do all that you will tell me, and in many ways will you be benefited by knowing me. First, you will get rid of all the cares of this world; and secondly, when the birds will know that you are my friend, they will honor and respect you, place confidence in your words; and when you will look for a partner, you will get one easily, so that your race will increase, and you will gain your ends every where." The partridge, now a little assured, answered, "You are a princely bird, and I a poor common creature liable to err. When I shall fail to please you at some time,

what then shall my fate be, but to be destroyed by you? Better it is then to live apart even from to-day, and forego the friendship of the great, which is rather dangerous." "Friend," cried the other, "what you say is true, kings and princes are generally selfishly busy in their own luxurious concerns, and pay no regard to their subjects, nor make any distinction between the good and the bad. They never pardon their inferiors; but when I shall become your friend I shall be blind to all your faults; and even when I shall notice any of these, it will only be to hide it from others, and to rectify them; not to put you to any trouble, for such a course of proceeding is not friendly." Although the partridge brought several other reasons against their friendship, yet the hawk met all with proper answers, until at last the former left her place of shelter and came out. Vows of eternal affection were then exchanged between them. After this they lived in one nest. When years had elapsed, the partridge lost all fear of the hawk, behaved freely and unceremoniously, and laughed aloud. This the latter did not like; but still he would say nothing. When old age came on, and he could not prey, he longed to feast on his friend, and all his malevolence reviving, he only sought for a pretext to carry his wish into effect. The partridge coming to a knowledge of this, wept; said that they who intentionally cast themselves into danger, must put up with a fate like his, but at the same time tried by all means to please the hawk, and give him no ground for destroying him. The hawk also took notice of this, till at last, one night, when he could help himself no longer, he called out:—"Is it proper that I should be in the sunshine and you remain in the shade?" "Prince," answered the partridge, "how can this be, when it is night just now?" "Then do you think me a liar?" called out the other, and immediately tore the partridge to pieces.

Moral. Friendship with one of whom you are in continual fear, is unwise, and generally ends in destruction.

STORY XLVI.—*The Camel-Driver and the Serpent.*—A camel-driver arrived in a forest, whence a company of merchants had passed. In the stove they had prepared was left fire, which being blown about had set the wood ablaze. In it was a large serpent, who could not find any channel of escape. Seeing the camel-driver at a distance, he called out, and begged to be saved from the danger. The man knew very well that snakes were not to be trusted; but at the same time he thought that at a moment like the present, all malice should be laid aside. Attaching then a bag to a spear, he held it to the snake, who immediately came into it, and was saved. The camel-driver released him from the bag, and advised him not to be the foe of man any longer.—"Do not say so," he returned, "I depart not until I have stung you and your camel. "Is the reward of good evil?" asked the

camel-driver. "Yes," returned the other, "you know I am the foe of man. Your service therefore was wrong, your kindness uncalled for. It is necessary for me to do evil to thee, for to serve the wicked, as you have done, is tantamount to persecuting the good; and the wise are of opinion, that the head of a foe should be crushed. Now as you have acted foolishly and saved me, I shall sting you, that it may serve as a warning to the rest." "To do evil for good," said the man, "is not sanctioned by any religion." "But I am acting on your own principles," said the snake, "you always do evil for good, and call that wisdom. I have learned the lesson from you, and I shall act according to what has been taught me." "God forbid! that men should act on such principles," said the man. "Attempt my life if you wish; but do not impute such blame to mankind." "What I say is true," persisted the serpent. "If you do not believe me, ask yonder buffaloe." When referred to, the buffaloe replied, "Men do evil for good; but the wise just the reverse. For instance, take my case into consideration. I have been domesticated with men, bred there, and given them milk and butter in abundance, and when I am old and unable to bring forth, my food is stopped and I am left to wander about in this desert alone. God, however, provides for me, and it was only yesterday that my former master saw me, and finding me plump and fat, came to the resolution of selling me to a butcher. Now see, he has eventually resolved on sacrificing me, and this after the long service I have rendered him." "You hear what has been said," cried the serpent; "prepare yourself for death at once." "But," said the camel-driver, "the buffaloe is prejudiced against her master, and her testimony cannot be of much value. Come, let us question yon tree." This they did. "Men," returned the tree, "do return evil for good. Don't you see that I stand on one leg here at the service of travellers and wanderers? Whenever any one feels himself oppressed with heat, he seeks shelter under the shade I cast, and in return for the good I do him, my limbs are pulled off, and both axe and saw applied to deprive me of my branches, which serve to assist him in manufacturing purposes. Besides, not a stalk or stem is saved from his rapacity. Now remember, I look only to his happiness, whereas he does nothing but afflict me." "Now," said the serpent, "what further evidence do you seek? Are you, or are you not, satisfied with the testimony of two? You had better prepare yourself for death at once." "Stop a bit," said the man, "I doubt the veracity of the first, because I think she has been injured by mankind; and I therefore wish to resort to a third witness, before I give in to your terms." By chance, a fox, who was present there, had overheard the whole conversation. The serpent proposed to refer the matter to him. Before they had time to put any question, he came forward and exclaimed, "Fool! knowest thou

not that the return for good is evil? But in the name of wonder, what service hast thou rendered to the serpent." He recounted the whole story. "You look wise," said the fox, "but why utter such deliberate falsehoods?" "True it is what he says," remarked the serpent. The bag in which the serpent was saved, was yet with the camel-driver. The fox on seeing it lost his temper, and said he could never believe that such a gigantic serpent could have remained in such a tiny bag. "See, and then believe it," said the venomous reptile. The camel-driver laid it before him, and lo! he was entrapped again. "The enemy is now powerless," said the fox, "pause not in ensuring his destruction." He obeyed—dashed the bag on the ground, and killed the serpent.

Moral. The wise should never lose sight of prudence, nor allow an enemy to entrap them by false pretences.

STORY XLVII.—*The Huntsman and the Deer.* A deer by chance was entrapped by a huntsman; but just as the latter was approaching to secure his prize, despair gave strength to the animal, and breaking the snare he ran towards the woods. Hereupon the huntsman discharged an arrow at him, which brought him low. He then lifted up the remains on his shoulders, and was returning, when he met a wild boar in the way, at whom he aimed a shaft, and succeeded in wounding him. The boar got enraged, and attacked the huntsman. The result was that both were killed. A bear passing that way after some time, saw a man, a deer and a boar lying lifeless, and thanked his stars for the goods thus provided for him. But he paused for a while and thought, that it was impossible to devour all at once, and unless he laid by some portion, he would make a fool of himself. It was not wise to waste all the good things he got. He then came to the resolution of feeding on the bow-string that day, and keeping away the rest for future consumption. Prudent sages have said:—"Do not eat up all, for should you live long, you will go empty-handed in your old age. Eat something, and keep by some." In a word, he commenced gnawing the bow-string, until it snapped, when the point of the bow struck him with such force, that he died there.

Moral. To lay by wealth, and to live in hopes of long life, is not very proper.

STORY XLVIII.—*The Cat and the Pigeons.* A man had a cat whom he daily gorged with meat, but still without satisfying her craving for raw flesh. One day she went near a pigeon-house, and hearing the sound of the birds, was greatly tempted to make an attempt on them. The owner of the pigeons seeing this ran out, beat the cat to death, pulled away her skin, and filling it up with chaff, placed it on the door of the pigeon-house. The owner of the cat passing that way, saw her remains and said, "Covetous creature! if thou hadst been content with the meat I gave thee, thy hide would not have been pulled off."

KHIRUD UFROZ.

BOOK II.

STORY XLIX.—*The Crows and the Owls.*—On a mountain in China there was a gigantic tree, in the branches of which there were thousands of nests built by crows, whose king at that time was one named Feroze. One night the king of the owls, named Shub Ahung, who was a foe to the crows, made an attack on them with his army, defeated them, and returned triumphant. Next day Feroze rallied his forces and said, "You have seen how the owls attacked us last night, killing many and wounding and dispersing the rest; what is worse again, is, that now they have once gained a victory, they will attack us again whenever they will find an opportunity. What plans then are to be devised, to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe?"—There were five crows in that army who were wiser than the rest, and often consulted by the king in matters of politics and in times of danger. Feroze asked of them to devise some means after deep consideration. After praising the king, they said, "What your Majesty thinks proper is right. More than what we can say, will be arrived at by you; but as we must obey, we advise thus: "King," said one, "ancient philosophers have said, that, 'when one cannot oppose an enemy, it is better for him to leave house and family, and fly; for it is difficult to make a stand, particularly after a defeat.' He who fights under circumstances like these, sleeps as it were on the surface of a river, or builds a fabric on a stream; for to depend on courage then is not prudent. From both sides there is a chance of attack. God forbid! if retreat would become impossible. Some one has said: 'avoid contention with petty enemies even, for drops form the ocean; and go not against a powerful foe, for it is difficult to press a finger on a lancet.'" "And now, what do you say?" asked the king, turning to the second. "I think, he began, "that it is not manly to despair and fly from home after a single defeat. It is bringing ourselves into contempt, and acting against the dictates of reason. It befits us to prepare for warfare and avenge our shame. The king will then gain fame, when he will wield the sword with both his hands. It is advisable now to send messengers every where; to have spies in our service, and to take the field boldly, and march in the direction of the enemies' force, to conquer or die. The generals should be particularly devoted to their duty on the day of action, and scruple not to lay down life and property for the public weal. He who kisses the edge of the sword, is worthy the bride of power." The king next questioned the third. "I think," he said, "that it is proper to conclude peace at pre-

sent, regardless of the defeat we have sustained. If they require us to pay any tax, why, we must pay the same, and thus avoid another invasion. It is prudent for kings, when they find their enemies powerful, and the safety of their subjects likely to be endangered, to defend their kingdoms, even by means of self-sacrifice. Peace is preferable to war. If force cannot overcome a foe, money can tie his hand from harm." The fourth sage was then requested to give his opinion. "Monarch," he began, "it is better to leave our native land than to be oppressed by the enemy. We may humble ourselves as much as we can, and pay them any sum of money, still they will not be satisfied, but continue digging our foundation. The wise have said, 'be humble before your enemies, if any advantage is to be gained thereby; not otherwise; for in the latter case, you will only make them bolder. If they agree to receive tribute, they will not be content with little when they will see us very humble. We must act slowly and patiently and fight too if needs be, for war is any day preferable to infamy.'" The fifth councillor, named Karshunas, was a wise minister. The king, placing great reliance on his judgment, asked how he advised him to act:—to fight, conclude peace or leave their native country. "As long as we can help," he said, "we should not fight, for our foes are stronger, more disciplined, and glorying after their late success. It is not wise to consider the enemy weak. Pride always leads to destruction. From the first I was afraid of their numbers, and my worst fears have been realised. We must take time and perfect some plans; for you may rest assured, they will not attack us in a hurry. There are several wise birds among them, who will not regard any foe as insignificant. When the enemy is near there should be fears of a surprise, if far—of a sudden run. If they give a defeat, we should suspect cunning, and if they come in small numbers, artifice is to be dreaded. Now that they have overthrown us lately, they will not come back soon, but dread the precautions we may have taken. If they have thought of war even, we need not get ready. The wise avoid strife, which endangers such a valued thing as life." "If you deprecate war," said the king, "tell us how are we to act?" "Pause," he replied, "and consider the matter well. Kings gain more by wise schemes than by treasure or troops. Aided by wisdom, one sword destroys thousands, and one plan overthrows an army. The King's right-thinking is principally required. For my part, I wish to speak something in private and something in public. If I have set my face against war, I am equally opposed to paying

tribute, or leaving our country. Acts like these would make us infamous to the day of judgment. The wise wish for long life, to spend it in the enjoyment of a good name. Whenever any stain is cast on their reputation—farewell longevity! I do not counsel your Majesty to humble yourself before your enemy; for he who shows humiliation to a foe opens the door of distress on himself. I shall speak more on this subject in private.” “Sage,” remarked a councillor, “the object of a public consultation is to bring on a free discussion, in which every one may express his opinion. It is, in fact, an assemblage of the wisdom of many. The wise never begin a work without looking to the right and the left, and the high and the low, of the affair—and then they succeed. Why are you so desirous of a private meeting?” “Every one is not a confidant,” replied the other, “and kingly secrets are not to be disclosed to all. Kings are betrayed either by councillors or spies, who (the last) derive information from others, and then publish them. I grant that councillors are trustworthy, and well-wishing; but how can you be safe with their friends? And admitting that they are worthy people too, how do you know that there is no tattler present in the company, who will hear your plans and betray you to your enemy, who being put on his guard, would try his best to baffle your endeavours, and thus overthrow your plans? Even if the tattler do not come to know the secret, still he may guess out our intentions and betray us. Hence it is that wise creatures have always kept their secrets. He who trusts a stranger is sure to repent, and gain nothing. No one should be so careful with his plans as kings; for should any evil-wisher come to know of them, the result will be general harm. Many have lost their dominions, and even their lives, by disclosing their secrets.” The king adopted the advice of Karshunas, and all the owls were destroyed by his schemes.

Moral.—To all, and to kings in particular, wise and single-minded friends are of the highest advantage.

STORY L.—The Secret revealed.—The governor of Cashmere had a mistress, lovely as a fairy. As faithlessness is the characteristic trait in women, she fell in love with one of the young attendants of the court. The youth also was fascinated with her charms, and they lived as lovers from that time. One day the governor came to the knowledge of these affairs. He became jealous it is true; but he did not wish to do any deed precipitately, though he knew very well that there were enemies whom it would be imprudent to hesitate sacrificing: apparently then he winked at these deeds; though in reality he was only waiting for a fair opportunity to punish them. Next day, when the business of the court was over, he sent for the vuzeer to consult him on the subject of the destruction of his foes. Though reason bade him act on his own responsibility,

independent of his minister, still he made the latter his confidant, and asked him how he was to act. The vuzeer advised him to kill them by administering poison, unknown to all but himself and his adviser. This, he added, was the best way of avoiding infamy. Returning home, the minister found his daughter very sorrowful, and on making enquiries came to know that the governor's mistress had spoken very unkindly against her, which greatly lowered her character in the estimation of her relations and friends. “Never mind,” said the father, greatly afflicted, “in a few days the lamp of her life will be blown out.” The girl wishing to know how, the parent gave her a glimpse of the secret, and told her to be very careful in keeping silence. When she had returned into her own apartments, one of her female slaves came to speak to her. Finding her in very good humour, the princess told her that the governor's sweet-heart had maligned her, but that in a few days she was to get her deserts. “How did you hear this news?” asked the slave, “and when will we be released from her tyranny?” “If you can hide my secret,” said the other, “I shall confide in you.” The slave swore she would do so, and was made acquainted with all the particulars, which she that instant carried to the king's mistress, who sending for her lover put him on his guard. He lost no time on his part, but assembling a body of cut-throats proceeded at once to the palace and slew the governor. Thus it was that the disclosure of a secret cost him his life.

Moral. Men, and governors especially, should keep their secrets to themselves.

STORY LI.—The Birds choosing a King.—The birds assembling at a time, unanimously agreed to elect a king, who would be their guide and director in time of need. Each proposed one for the purpose, but was overthrown by the arguments of the others. When the owl was named, however, the majority spoke in favor of his election. The dissentient party grew warm, discussions were held long, till at last they fell out among each other. Then it was proposed by those who liked peace, that some one, not represented in the company, should be called in, and the matter referred to him. What he said the rest were to assent to. A crow was seen at this time. They at once had recourse to him, and after stating the particulars asked his advice. “What,” remarked the crow, “has an owl to do with government? What has become of the high-flying royal-falcon? Where is the lovely peacock? Is there no bird of paradise to be found? Have eagles disappeared from creation? If these had vanished, and the petty birds become extinct, even then it would have been better to remain without a king, rather than to be governed by an owl, who is not only ugly and stupid, but at the same time full of malice and pride. His levity too is patent to all. Admitting even that these defects can be rectified, and that wise precepts would do much

to improve him, still how will you manage to make the life-giving light of the sun agreeable to him? Renounce then the idea of electing him king. Base your resolves on wisdom, and you will live in peace. You should appoint one from among yourselves, who would be able to guide and direct you; one on whose counsels you could place reliance, and who could aid you in the hour of trial.

STORY LII.—*The Elephants and the Hares.*

In the country of the elephants, a drought happened one year. Much troubled with thirst, they complained to their king, who ordered spies to go out in search of water. They reached a fountain, called the Fountain of the Moon, very deep, and welling with water, and brought the intelligence to the king, who repaired thither with all his subjects. A number of hares, who had made their habitation in the same quarter, were much inconvenienced with the visits of the elephants. Assembling together, they went to their king, knowing well that monarchs were created for the safety of their subjects, and their occupation of the throne secured for a similar purpose. "King," they exclaimed, "do justice, and take vengeance on the elephants. Once they came and crushed several of us. They will return now and destroy us." "This is no easy matter," said the king; "I must consider before I pass any order. Such of you as have sense, be present here, and I shall consult you. To act without advice is not wise." One of the hares, named Buhroz, seeing matters in this state, said:—"If your Majesty deems it advisable, send me as an ambassador to the elephants, and let a commissioner accompany me to report on the proceedings." "I trust you fully," said the king, "and I need not depute a commissioner with you. Go yourself and act as you like. You know that the ambassadors of sovereigns should be eloquent, so that the reputation and prestige of their employers may be kept up. If the ambassadors show skill and wisdom, the discrimination of kings is thereby shown, whereas, on the contrary, if they are found to be unfit, fault-finders will be loud in condemning their masters. Sages have laid particular stress on this fact, and have advised sovereigns to appoint the best in the kingdom as an emissary. In ancient times, philosophers were deputed as such. Alexander often went in disguise as his own emissary, and pleaded his own cause. 'An emissary,' says an authority, 'should be wise, bold in speech, ready in his replies and in every circumstance right in his deeds.' There are some, who taking offence at a word, have ruined empires, and destroyed nations; and there are others, who by a single word, aptly spoken, have restored peace and tranquillity in a disorganised state." "King," returned Buhroz, "I have an address in speaking, it is true, but as your Majesty is my superior, will you honor me with written instructions, which it shall be my duty to abide by?" "An

ambassador," observed the king, "should mingle reproaches with his speech when needed, but when he finds his opponents rather severe, he should try to overcome them by mildness. These will ensure him success in his mission. At last, after knowing the plans of the enemy, he should return. The wise need no instruction in the art. As your wisdom and prudence bid you, act, and return." The hare departed. That very night, when the moon had risen, he started on his journey, and reaching the island of the Elephants, thought, that in the vicinity of the abode of these tyrants, his life was in danger. Although they might have no intention of doing any harm, still it was far from prudent to meet those gigantic creatures, because they were proud, and did not care for the low and the poor; and there was every fear of his being crushed to death. It would be better, he fancied, to ascend an eminence, and thence publish his words, which if heard, all right, and if not, his life at least would be safe. Acting upon the impulse, he got on a hill, and called out that he was deputed by the moon. The king of the elephants wished to know what he had to say. "Monarch!" began the deputy, "thou knowest that the moon is the leader of the forces of the night, as well as the lieutenant of the king of day. Whoever tries to oppose her, or to turn a deaf ear to her requisitions, rushes on his own destruction." The king was a little surprised at this; but wished to know what the purport of his errand was. "The moon has said," began Buhroz, "that those who glory in their size and shape, and oppress the poor and the weak, are sure to be annihilated. Proud of your superiority over other quadrupeds, you have presumed to come to my fountain, and with your army have drunk water therefrom, and made it muddy and impure. But you know not that I visit with death all those who offend me. I send you this message that you may take warning, otherwise I shall come down upon you and kill you. Now if you doubt the truth of this message, come, for I am present in my fountain, and you will see me, and never approach the water again." The Elephant, much astonished, approached the fountain, and there, sure enough, he saw the moon reflected from the water. "Monarch," said Buhroz, "take water, wash thy face, and bow down low before the moon; perhaps she will relent and spare thee." The elephant put forward his trunk and touched the water, which being agitated, made the reflection of the moon move to and fro. "Ambassador!" he exclaimed, "perhaps the moon is angry at my touching the water." "Yes," returned the other, "bend thy head instantly and pay respects to her." The king obeyed, and promised never to come, nor bring the other elephants there again. Buhroz communicated this welcome news to his sovereign, and freed him from this dark evil.

STORY LIII.—*The Crow, the Partridge, the Quail and the Cat.*—"In a valley" said a crow,

there grew a tree on which I had a nest, and in my immediate neighbourhood there was another occupied by a quail, whose company pleased me very much, inasmuch as he always sympathised in my distresses. At last he disappeared one day, and years having elapsed, I fancied he had died. His nest was taken possession of by a partridge. When some days had passed, the quail came back, and seeing a stranger in his nest began quarrelling and ordering the partridge to leave it. The other remarked that the house was *then* in his possession, and the quail might, if he could, prove his right. "But," said the quail, "your possession is by might, not right." In short, they fell out amongst themselves, and though I tried to reconcile them, it was all in vain. At last it was resolved to refer the matter to some judge, and ask him to decide it. Said the quail, "A pious, devout and abstemious cat lives just in our neighbourhood. She passes all her time in watching and weeping, and never persecutes any living creature. Come, let us refer our dispute to her." In a word, they went, and I followed to see how the case was decided. The moment the cat beheld the new comers, she like a true rogue, bent her head and saluted them. The quail and the partridge were greatly astonished. They remained standing for a long while, until she raised her head, when they paid their respects to her, and begged of her to hear and decide their case. After long entreaties, she bade them proceed with the details, which they did. "Friends," said the cat, "age has injured my sense of hearing and seeing. Come nearer, and repeat your story louder, that I may hear and pass some suitable order. But before that, I should like to give you some friendly advice, which, if heard, will tend to your own benefit, and if not, will at least free me from blame. It is proper for you to stick to your rights, to abide by righteousness, and not to be proud of the fleeting possessions of this world." "Judge," said the quail, "if every one respected rights and lived honest and righteous lives, judicial functionaries would never be troubled with complaints, and witnesses never called upon to take oaths. When two parties become selfishly inclined, they repair to the judge, who disinterestedly decides the case. An old man saw a judge crying bitterly when a case was brought before him. 'Why are you weeping?' asked the old man. 'These two,' was the answer, 'know each others affairs; while I do not. Let us see how matters are settled.' 'Well' said the old man, 'they know each others affairs, but they are interested in them, and you are not; your judgment will be therefore unbiassed.'" "This is something new," said the cat. "Drive selfishness from your heart. Know that the man of truth is the real gainer even though he does not apparently obtain his object; whereas the liar is the loser, although he succeeds. I tell you again, righteous deeds alone secure salvation, and life is not to be trusted. Great and small, friend and stranger, should

all be loved and dealt with alike. None should be harmed." In short, such were the words she employed to entrap them. They approached nearer, when all on a sudden, she pounced upon both and filled her stomach with their delicious flesh. Then it was found that all her piety was nothing but hypocrisy.

STORY LIV.—*The Ascetic and his Goat*.—As an ascetic was leading a well-fed goat by a string round its neck, several thieves met him, and determined by means of art and cunning to rob him of the animal he was taking home. Failing in their endeavours, they at last resolved to cheat the durwesh. One of them, coming right before him, asked: "Venerable Sir, whence have you brought this dog?" Another coming up at the same time enquired, "Sir, whither are you taking this dog?" A third made his appearance at this time. "Old man," he said, "I fancy you are a sportsman; that is the reason why you are taking this dog with you." Another friend coming from behind, enquired what price had he paid for the dog. In this way they all tried to play a trick on the foolish ascetic. They were unanimous in declaring that the animal he was leading was a dog, with this qualification, that some said it was a watch-dog, while others maintained that it was a shepherd's dog. Others again sneered at the old man, and remarked, that he appeared to be a devout individual, but yet for all that he did not seem to care touching an impure animal. Lastly, one observed that the ascetic was a charitable man, and was taking the dog to feed it. All these remarks at last made the pious man doubt his own eyes. He believed that the person who had sold the goat was a magician, who had, by his charms, made the dog look like a goat to him. Leaving the creature there, he went to the seller. The thieves in the meantime got hold of the same, and killed and feasted on it. Thus the ascetic lost his goat, without receiving back the price he had paid for it.

STORY LV. *The Merchant, his Wife and the Thief*.—There was a rich merchant, very ugly, ill-natured, old, slow, niggardly and sour, who had a very beautiful wife. Her he loved with heart and soul, but she on her part fled thousands of miles from him. One night when he was fast asleep, with his wife wide awake, a thief entered the house. Terrified at what she beheld, she clung to the old fellow, who delighted beyond measure at finding her in his arms, exclaimed, "Heavens! am I awake, or is this a dream only?" so much astonished was he at this unexpected display of love on her part. Presently after he beheld the thief. "Friend," he said, "thou art welcome to any thing thou likest, for it is thy presence which has made this cruel, heartless woman kind to me."

STORY LVI.—*The Ascetic and the disagreeing Thieves*.—A pious and devout ascetic had built a temple in the suburbs of Bagdad, in which, morning and evening, he offered prayers to God. One of his disciples, admiring his zeal in the

cause of religion, presented him with a fat, young milch buffalo. A thief hearing of this affair, set out for the abode of the durwesh. In the way he met the devil, and asked him who he was and whither he was going. "I am the devil," returned the other, "and am going to such an ascetic's house. This man has robbed me of my votaries, and what is worse, is trying to propagate religion on the earth. If I shall find an opportunity, I shall wring his neck for him. This is my story. Now, who are you?" "Why, I am a robber," said the other: "by night and by day my thoughts are about robbing and afflicting people. I am going to the very same ascetic's house, to steal away a young, fat buffalo therefrom." They proceeded together. In the night they reached the house of the ascetic, who had just that moment closed his eyes to take a nap. The thief thought that if the devil tried to kill him, perhaps the devotee would make a noise, which would alarm the neighbourhood, and make him go without the buffalo. The devil on his part thought that to remove the buffalo, the thief must have to open the door; this would make a grating sound, which would probably arouse the sleeper and save him from destruction. "Wait," he said to the thief, "let me first kill the man, and then you can take away the buffalo." "No," said the thief, "let me first decamp with the buffalo, and then you can destroy the man." To these terms neither would agree, so they fell to fighting with each other. The thief, alarmed, called out "Here's the devil who wants to kill thee!" The other bawled out "Here's a thief, who wants to steal away thy buffalo!" The ascetic started up from his sleep, and gave the alarm. The neighbours came running, and the thief and the devil had both to run as fast as their legs would carry them.

STORY LVII.—*The Monkeys and the Bear*.—A band of monkeys lived in an island and fed on the most delicious fruits procurable there. The climate also was agreeable to their nature. One day several monkeys were sitting under the shade of a tree, conversing on different subjects, when by chance a bear came up and seeing them thus occupied, thought that it was not proper for him to live on mountains, feed on roots and dry reeds, and pass his days in distress, while these occupied such a lovely island, and fed on the most delicious fruits. He then tried to drive them away therefrom, but the monkeys set up a loud noise; thousands of them came running, and attacked and wounded the bear. Thus poor Bruin found all his hopes cast to the ground, before he had realised any of his pleasant anticipations. He fled thence to the mountain-top, whither his shrieks attracted his friends. To them he recounted the story of his distress, and added that it was a disgrace for big, powerful bears to submit to such insignificant creatures as monkeys; that none of their forefathers had

been treated in the way he had been, and that if they remained quiet they would be infamous for ever. It was advisable for them to assemble, and make such a mighty attack on the monkeys, as would make them dearly repent for the insult they had offered. At last, one night, all the bears came down from the mountain, and marched in the direction of the island in which the monkeys lived. Fortunately the king of the monkeys, who had gone out to hunt in the forest with his nobles, was still there. The others, who were sleeping carelessly at home, were surprised by the bears, and many were slain, and more wounded. Thus victorious, the shaggy beasts fixed upon that island for their abode, and took hold of all the provisions which the monkeys had laid up with years of labor. The next day their king, who was unacquainted with the particulars, bent his course to the island. In the way the wounded and the vanquished met him and gave him the melancholy tidings. "Alas!" sighed the king, "that my ancestral dominions have departed from my hand, and my wealth and provisions taken by the enemy." "The attendants all set up a wail for friends and relatives slain, and wealth and property lost. One of them, Mymoon by name, was the wisest of them all; and had often advised kings and princes with effect: seeing the monarch thoughtful and dejected, he opened his mouth and said:—"It is not wise to lose patience in the time of trouble. Confusion and perturbation of spirit sadden friends and gladden our foes. Patience is what we require, and better schemes should be concerted wherewith to avenge our wrongs." "What are these schemes?" asked the king. "Monarch," said the other, "our children, friends and relatives have been slain; without them we cannot enjoy life for a moment. Better it is therefore for us—the more so as we are so willing to die—to free ourselves soon from the concerns of this world, and take revenge for what our enemies have done." "Revenge," observed the king, "is sweet in this world alone. When you are dead, what matters to you whether this world is flourishing or fading?" "In our present state of affairs," returned Mymoon, "death is better than life. The eyes of our dear children have been closed, and any desire on our part to live, after they have mixed with their kindred clay, is a reproach to us, and an insult to their memory. I wish now to try my best in proving of use to my king, to aid my afflicted friends, and by sacrificing my life, to gain eternal fame in this world. I wish his majesty will not regret my death, but when enjoying with friends, that he will be pleased to recal my fidelity to mind." "How is this work to be done?" enquired the king. "I have thought," said the other, "to take the bears to a desert, where the simoom blows warm and killing, and there is every probability that I shall succeed in my plans of encompassing their destruction. Order the other monkeys now to

pull off my ears, to break my hands and feet, and to cast me in a corner of our usual habitation. Disperse yourself for a time in the woods. Thus let two days pass. On the morning of the third, return to your old habitation, and not a single enemy will you find there." They did as desired, and the king dispersed his attendants in all directions. The whole night was passed by Mymoon in sighs and groans. In the morning the king of the bears, going out for a stroll, heard the cries and approached the wounded monkey. When he saw him in this state he was moved, notwithstanding his hardness of heart, and wished to know the particulars of his case. Mymoon, knowing him to be the king, blessed and praised his majesty, and answered, "I am the minister of the king of the monkeys. I was with him in the hunt, and therefore was not present in the battle-field. The next day I heard of your majesty's arrival, from the fugitives. The king, whose confidant I was, asked my advice on the matter. I counselled him to present himself before your majesty, and to make an offer of services to you; for, added I, our happiness in this world will be secured by this conduct, and we will be able to pass the remainder of our lives in quiet content." The king was displeased with my advice, and reproved all his attendants. When I counselled him anew, he suspected me to be favorably disposed to your majesty, had all these wounds inflicted on me, and I was cast in this forest to see how I could assist you. All my services have been forgotten, and here I am." Having spoken thus he wept bitterly. The king's eyes moistened with tears, and he enquired, where the monkeys were at present. "They have sought shelter," was the reply, "in a forest called Murd Azmai (trier of men), where they are rallying fast, and I am afraid they will soon be able to make a deadly attack on you." The king was alarmed. "Mymoon," said he, "what am I to do? I do not wish my race to suffer any harm from the enemies' hands." "King!" said the other, "do not fear. If I had feet I would have gone with a band of troops, and inflicted a good chastisement on that indiscriminating race." "I know" said the king, "that you are at home in this part of the world. Now conduct me to them, and I shall be highly obliged, and you too have an opportunity of avenging your wrongs." "But how can this be?" asked Mymoon, "my hands and legs are broken, and I cannot move." "Leave that to me," was the answer, "I shall devise means to carry thee." He then sent for his chiefs, and told them to be ready for an attack on the enemy that night. Every thing was soon prepared, and Mymoon being fastened to the back of a bear, was allowed to be taken ahead pointing the way. They reached at last the terrible desert, a desert in which water was no where to be found, and where the simoom was continually blowing. "Move rapidly," said the guide, "we should reach our destination before day-break, and destroy the wretches in

the dead of night." The bears readily obeyed. Willingly they set their feet in the valley of death. Day now dawned, but no trace of the monkeys could be any where seen. Still they advanced as rapidly as before, till the heat became intolerable, and the deadly simoom set in with all its fury. The king turned towards Mymoon, and asked "What dreadful forest is this? and what this wind blowing like a blast from a fiery furnace?" "Cruel tyrant!" broke out the other, "rest satisfied. This desert is the desert of death, and this blast of wind its harbinger. If you have a thousand lives, still you will not escape. With the fire of tyranny you burnt the hearts of the monkeys, and now this fiery simoom will destroy you all." While yet speaking, a deadly blast came sweeping on, and consumed the whole party. Not one escaped. On the third day the king of the monkeys returned to the island, according to promise, and found it clear of his foes.

STORY LVIII.—*The Fakeer and the Mouse.*—A holy fakeer was so much favored by God, that whatever he prayed for, was granted him. As he was sitting on the side of a river one day, an eagle came flying towards him, and a mouse escaping from his bills fell before the durwesh, who took it up and carried it home. There it struck him that the creature was likely to become troublesome in time. He therefore prayed to God that it may be transformed into a human being. He was heard, and a beautiful girl stood before him. Her he made over to one of his disciples, and asked him to adopt her as his own child. When she grew up, and reached the age of puberty, "Child," said the holy man, addressing her, "the day has arrived that thou shouldst think of marrying. The choice of a partner I leave to thee. Choose a man, or any other creature: thy will shall be respected." "I want a husband," said the girl, "who shall be the strongest, and noblest of all beings in the world." "Of such a nature the moon is," observed the Durwesh. When night came on, he disclosed these particulars to the moon, who replied that the clouds were stronger, for they could hide the lustre of the moon even. So then the clouds were referred to. They said they were not the strongest. The winds were stronger, for they blew about the clouds in whatever direction they liked. The winds were next consulted. They said the mountains that stand firm on the earth, were the strongest. "No," said they, "rats are stronger than we; for they can dig up our foundation." "That is true," said the girl very readily, "rats are the strongest creatures on earth, and I shall marry one of them." In short then, they took her to a rat, who readily agreed to marry, for he found great attractions in her, and was long desirous of meeting one whose nature was congenial to his own. "But," said he, "how can our shapes be altered?" "That's easily done," returned

his would-be bride, "this holy man will pray to God, and I shall become a she-mouse." And so he did, and so she became.

Moral. The nature of any creature can never be altered.

STORY LIX.—*The old Snake and the Frog.*—An old snake had become perfectly weak and unable to seize his prey. "Youth," he sighed and said, "will never return. To expect it again is as wise as to look for fiery properties in water, or to try and quench thirst by swallowing fire. Even old age will not last for ever. If time passed, then, never returns, it is better to provide for the future: what I have lost in strength I have gained in experience. Persecution is not to be carried on any more, but forbearance practised to its full extent." Thus saying he repaired to the banks of a pond, in which were several frogs, governed by their king named Kamgar. The serpent, like one persecuted and oppressed, laid himself down on the bank. A frog emerging from the pond, asked why he looked so sorrowful. "Who else has more cause for grief," said he, "than myself?—I lived on frogs hitherto. Now such a calamity has befallen me that from to-day I cannot touch one—nay, cannot attempt to run after one even." The frog went and told the king, who was much astonished, and repairing to the serpent, enquired what that calamity was. "King," he said, "my own shameful covetousness has brought me into trouble. One day as I was chasing a frog, he tried to escape and ran to the house of a devotee for shelter. I pursued. The house was dark, and the devotee's son was sleeping there. Coming in contact with the child's toe, and mistaking it for the frog, I gave it a bite, which killed the child instantly. The devotee hearing of this, and afflicted at the loss of his child, tried to destroy me. I ran, and he followed, cursing me in the following style: 'May Heaven confound thee!—Mayest thou be brought low before the frogs; may their king ride on thee; mayest thou be powerless against attacking them, but feed on what they give thee by way of charity?' His prayer is heard, and submitting to the will of God, I am here, that the king may ride on my shoulders." The latter agreed; his vanity was flattered, and he exalted himself above his fellows. When some days had gone by in this way, the serpent represented to the king that he could not live without food. To perform his duty, he added, he was always ready. "What you say is right," said the king "I cannot do without riding, and without food thou canst not work well: from to-day thou shalt daily get two frogs to feed on." This the serpent considered profitable enough, and forgetting his degradation lived on.

STORY LX.—*The Birds and the Serpent.*—A pair of birds had built their nest on a terrace, and lived on the grains they daily collected in the house. After some time they had young ones, whom it was their sole care to feed. Food they searched

every where, and all for their young. One day the male went out, and returned late, when he found his partner flying about the nest much alarmed, and uttering plaintive notes. "Dear one!" asked the male, "what is the matter?" "Oh! what shall I say?" returned the other, "I left my darlings but for a minute, when on my return what did I see, but an immense serpent trying to get hold of them: I begged hard of him to spare the little ones; I urged on him the consideration, that the strong should not domineer over the weak. But all to no purpose: 'Your sighs,' he said, 'will not affect me in the least.' Then remember," I cried, "if you destroy the young, I and their father will both avenge them and encompass thy destruction in the best way we can. He laughed. When I found him determined to carry on his will, I began screaming; but none came to my assistance, and that cruel creature devoured my young, regardless of my wailings. He is now sleeping in the nest." The male bird was filled with grief and indignation on hearing this. At that moment the owner of the house was going to light his rooms. Dipping the wick in oil, he had lighted it, and was going to place it in the lamp, when the crow made a dash, took it out of his hands and cast it in his nest. The master of the house, frightened lest the fire would consume his terrace, ran up, and was pulling away the nest to put out the flames. The serpent seeing the sparks of fire, and hearing the sound of blows, put out his head from one of the terrace holes. At that instant a club-stroke descended on his head and killed him.

Moral.—The serpent considered his enemy to be weak and insignificant; hence the stroke of revenge fell on him and crushed his head.

STORY LXI.—*The Monkey and the Tortoise.* In an island of the Persian gulf lived a host of monkeys governed by one whose name was Cardan. By his wise and sound policy he had not only secured the comforts of his subjects, but the subjection of his enemies too. This faithless world, however, is sure in the end to turn away her face from those, whom she favors in the commencement. Cardan became old; light departed from his eyes, and strength from his body. His ministers also proved faithless. He was deposed, and another elected in his place. He, poor fellow, could not bear this disgrace; so leaving his country, he resolved to travel. At last he reached an island full of fruits, on which he fed, and lived content and satisfied, trying to improve the moments lost by making a right use of the present. One day, while breaking a fig from a tree, it fell from his hands into the water; the splash pleased him much, and he went on throwing one after the other. A tortoise who had come across, and was just at that moment in the water under the tree, saw the figs dropping and feasted on them as they fell, thinking all the time, that the monkey was doing the service for him. "Well really," he

said to himself "the creature is an utter stranger, and shows such a degree of kindness; if he chanced to be a friend, what more would he have done? Surely he would have served me more zealously." Resolved upon becoming a friend of the monkey, he opened his mouth and disclosed his wishes. Cardan was pleased, and returned a suitable answer. They conversed for some time. At last the monkey observed: "It is a proof of good natured wisdom to leave solitude and live in the society of friends. What inconveniences the wise have not borne for friendship!" The tortoise was much gratified with the words of his friend. At last he said: "Although I desire very much to be on intimate terms with you, still I cannot but ask myself the question, have I any quality to merit your esteem?" "Sages," returned the monkey, "have spoken much in reference to friendship, and have established it as a rule, that acquaintance with three sorts of creatures is always agreeable: 1st, with those who live resigned to the will of God; 2nd, those who hide the faults of friends from their enemies; who do not hesitate to advise the former when they see them doing wrong, and who regardless of their anger, speak out their minds, knowing that what they say is for the good of the other party; and 3rd, those who are disinterested and free from covetousness. Besides these, there are three kinds with whom acquaintance, much less friendship, should never be made. 1st, the selfish and sensual; 2nd, liars who carry tales from you to your enemies and *vice versa*, and 3rd, fools, who cannot discover better from best, nor evil from good. In proof of this last, they have said that a wise foe is better than a foolish friend, for the one, exercising prudence with which he is blest, will not harm you until he finds an opportunity; whereas the other, lacking wisdom, will try as much as he can to aid you, but in reality will do more harm than otherwise. Often it happens that being ill-advised by such an one, many are entrapped and led to ruin and destruction."

STORY LXII. *The King, the Monkey and the Thief*.—In Cashmere reigned a powerful king, who was very much attached to a monkey. This creature also reciprocated the kindness shown him, and night and day would be present serving the king. When the latter slept, the monkey would stand with a drawn sword near the bedside, careful that no harm approached his royal master. This he did voluntarily. At this time it happened that a wise thief had come from foreign parts, and made his appearance in Cashmere. One night he was wandering about from street to street, and lane to lane, when he met another thief, a foolish fellow, a native of that country, and being of the same trade, joined him. "Friend!" said the stranger, "which is the richest house to commit burglary in?" "A respectable native," answered the fool, "has a fat ass, whom he loves very much. He keeps him chained, and in charge of two slaves. It is

better to go there and steal the ass first. Next we shall proceed to a glazier's shop, situated where four roads meet, and steal some of the fine colored glass-wares, lay them on the ass, and go home." The wise thief was much surprised at this advice; but before he could say aught, the watch-man came in sight, and he had just time to hide himself behind a wall. The other was taken up. "Who are you?" asked the watch-man, "and whither are you going?" "I am a thief," he replied, "and I was going to steal an ass from such a person's house; after which I had intended to go to the glazier's and steal glass-wares therefrom, which were to be laid on the ass and taken home." "Well, really, you are a thief and no mistake," said the watchman, "what an idea, to go and steal an ass which is well watched, and glass-wares which are sold ten for two pice. If you had gone to the king's palace with an intention of stealing, it would be something worth endangering life for." Thus saying he sent him to prison. The wise thief, who was a silent hearer of all these words, thought within himself that his late companion was a foolish friend, whereas the watchman was a wise enemy. The one had nearly brought him to destruction, were it not for the other, who made his appearance in time and saved him. Now, it is better to take his words, he said, and attempt entrance in the king's palace. Slowly then he advanced towards it, and reaching it in time, commenced making a hole in the wall. The whole night he continued his work. When it was near morning, the hole opened in the bed-room of the king. There he beheld the sovereign reposing on a golden bed, with all the world's riches in the shape of gems and jewels lying scattered about him. Chinese tapestries were hanging all round, and camphor candles burning brightly, gave a glow to the treasures thrown about there. After a time, he beheld a monkey standing, dagger in hand, and watching the slumbers of the king. The thief wondered at the nature of the work the monkey was doing. A dagger, he thought, and in the hands of such a creature! While he was yet musing, a great many ants fell from the ceiling on the king. Startled from sleep, he beat his hand on his breast. The monkey bending, saw the ants, "While I am standing as guard," he said, "dare these creatures lay their feet on the bosom of my sovereign?" And raising the dagger, he was going to dash it on the ants, when the thief called out—"Stop, fool! ruin not a world by thy folly,"—and rushing forward, held firm the creature's hand. The king, roused from his slumbers, asked the thief who he was. "A wise foe of yours," was the answer, "I came with the purpose of stealing; but if I had delayed a minute in arresting the hand of this animal, who is really a foolish friend, you would never have awaked from your sleep again." The king thanked him for his timely aid, and observed—"True, when God's providence is watching over us thieves turn to watchmen, and

foes become kind. After this the thief was made a courtier and the monkey sent to the stable.

Moral. Cultivate the friendship of the wise; but fly from foolish acquaintances.

STORY LXIII.—*The sick Lion, the Fox and the Ass.*—A lion having fallen sick of fever and itch was unable to prey. His dependants also suffered much. At last a Fox, who had long been a sharer of the royal bounty, made her appearance, and after enquiring about the king's health, informed him that all the animals of the forest were dying of hunger. "Fox!" said the lion, "I am concerned about my troops; but what can I do? This itch is daily pulling me down: I have become lean and weak, and the hairs of my body are dropping off. Physicians have prescribed the heart and ears of an ass for the cure of the disease: where can I get these?" "What comes into my mind," said the other, "is this, your majesty should not leave the forest; for any thing spoken against you to your friends or foes will lower the prestige of your kingly dignity. In the neighbourhood of this forest there is a fountain, to which a washerman generally comes to wash clothes, which he brings laid on an ass. This creature roves about the whole day round the fountain. I shall try and persuade him to come with me. But promise first that when you have eaten the heart and ears, you will bestow the rest on the other carnivorous animals." The lion agreed, and the fox departed on the mission. Sure enough she saw the ass, and began blessing, praising and flattering him. At last she enquired about the state of his troubles. The afflicted donkey seeing a sympathiser in the fox, said that the washerman was in the habit of overworking him, and that he cared little or nothing about his food. "Fool," said Reynard, "legs you have, and can walk also; why bear this ill-treatment then?" "I am notorious," returned the ass, "for carrying loads; wherever I go, the same trouble awaits me. Besides, not I alone am, but all my brethren are, treated in the same way. I think then to myself, that as release from afflictions is never to be gained, it is better to toil in the house of one, than to go about from door to door, sinking under the evils of life." "You are quite wrong in your thoughts," pursued the fox, "wrong in supposing that because you are born here, you must for ever fag in this place. God has made the world spacious,—why? For this reason, that when one is afflicted and oppressed in one place, he may go to another." "Wherever one may go," replied the ass, "he will not get more than what he is destined for. Hence to give way to covetousness, and to bear the fatigues of travelling, in addition to what I have already suffered, are not wise proceedings." "These words of reliance on destiny," observed the fox, "befit you not; you should try to live by your efforts. If you are willing, I shall conduct you to a green field, where grass is plentiful, and water sweet, and near which the evils of life never ap-

proach. Before this, I persuaded another ass, like yourself, to go thither, and he now grazes about leisurely and passes his days in ease." By such wiles did the fox entrap the ass and bring him to the lion, who losing all patience, rushed to secure his prey. But weakness had overpowered him. The ass escaped with a wound. The fox astonished at the lion's infirmity, reproached him for being precipitate, when slowness was so necessary. The lion did not relish this. He knew that if he put up with the fox's reproaches his dignity would be lowered. Turning away his face from him, "Dare a beggar," he growled, "hold converse with a king, and on matters of state too? It is not every one who is made acquainted with regal secrets, nor can subjects comprehend the inscrutable designs of their rulers. Try now thy best to bring back the ass, and thou shalt be honored again." The fox once more repaired to the ass. He turned away his face, and began reproaching her. "Your show of kindness," he observed, "was but for the purpose of placing me in the lion's power." "Fool!" said the fox, "where are your thoughts roving? If he was a real lion, could you have escaped from his clutches? Know, stupid, that sages have placed a talisman for the safety of the valley there, so that the inhabitants thereof may live in peace and tranquillity. This secret I do not disclose to any one but friends. You have been deceived by your fears. Return with me and enter the valley of bliss. I wished to have told you the particulars, but forgot all about the talisman in conversing with you." The poor ass was taken in again. The fox brought him back, and going ahead gave the news to the lion, advising him at the same time to remain standing motionless, and allow the ass to go about, and not to look at him until an opportunity offered for an attack. The lion did as desired, and remained standing like a lifeless statue. "Look well at this lion," said the fox, addressing the ass, "and you will find that your fears were groundless." The ass advanced nearer, and examined the supposed talisman very closely; but no life or motion could he find in it. He grew bolder, and walked about the field; and after feeding well, at last fell asleep. The lion then made a rush, and tore open his stomach. Desiring the fox to look to the remains, he went to take a bath, after which he was to feed on the heart and the ears of the dead ass, as a cure prescribed for his disease. The fox, availing herself of the opportunity, feasted on those delicious parts herself. When the lion came back he searched for the heart and the ears; but no trace could he find of either. "What has become of my share?" he asked the fox. "Monarch," replied the other, "this ass had neither heart nor ears; for if he possessed the one, which is the seat of wisdom, he would not have hearkened to my words, and if he had the other, he would not have listened to my wily persuasions after having been wounded by you."

STORY XIV.—*The Ascetic resolved to change his condition.*—An Ascetic, after long consideration, determined to marry, and consulted a wise man on the subject. "You have resolved right," said the other. "Marriage has many advantages. 1st. Lust can be curbed—and the wild desires which prove so strong in celibacy, reined in. 2nd. It is a pity that the germs of good qualities, which have descended to you from your ancestors, should end with you. 3rd. A virtuous woman would look to the affairs of your house and keep you happy. But try to get one who is good natured, and modest." "What must I seek in her?" asked the ascetic. "Search for one," was the answer, "who is pious, and a friend of ascetics; and then your honor will be safe with her. Above all, avoid three kinds of women:—1st. Those who have left their first husbands, and now live in thoughts of them. 2nd. Those who oblige you with their arms and hands, and 3rd. Those who on seeing you speak in a low tone, and feign themselves sick." "Wise friend," continued the ascetic, "speak something now about the age of females: of what age shall I marry one?" "Of tender youth," was the reply; "for intercourse with the old brings on sickness and infirmity. The wise have said, that women from 14 to 20 are the sources of bliss and happiness; from 20 to 30 they can soothe the hearts of their husbands; from 30 to 40 collect wealth and rear up children; from 40 to 50 assume a great deal of modesty, or become confirmed hypocrites. When past 50 they turn out to be the darkest plagues of life." "What about their looks and beauty?" asked the hermit. "Modesty," replied the other, "and good nature, are the chief charms of women. If in addition to these, she is handsome also, what more can one want; for she has both external and internal merits? A beautiful woman without virtue is the plague of a man's life; whereas a plain, but good-natured one, can be the best of friends and companions." At last, after a long search, fortune aided our friend, the hermit, and he succeeded in getting a beautiful girl, of a high family, for his wife. And now he wanted children. But years past away and he had none. Turning away from the world, he offered prayers to God; and morning and night petitioned Him for a child. At last his wife conceived. From that day, he had no thoughts but of the expected stranger. "May God grant," he said, addressing his wife one day, "that we may soon have a beautiful boy. I shall call him by a fine name, and take pains in training him up in religion, till he will become a leader and guide of others. Then I shall marry him in some high family, and his progeny will increase, and my name will be perpetuated in this world through my children." "Husband!" observed the woman, "you do not talk like a wise man. Have you had intelligence of the birth of the child,—and supposing you have,—is it a son? Granting even that, how do you

know that he will live? Now when all these circumstances are yet hidden in the womb of the future, why talk ignorantly about them now? You appear to be something like the devotee who got *ghee* and honey dashed full on his face." The ascetic started up and asked, "Pray what about him?" His wife began:—

STORY LXV. *The Fakir and the Merchant.*—A fakir lived in the neighbourhood of a merchant, by whom he was fed and supported. The latter traded in *ghee* and honey, and a portion of this he daily sent to the devotee, who ate some and laid by some. At last, one day he found two vessels full, one with *ghee* and the other with honey. "These," he thought, "I can sell for 10 drachms, from which, after defraying my own expenses, I will buy five goats. These will breed in six months,—each two kids at a time. Thus in a year I shall have twenty-five kids, (sic in orig.) which will eventually give me a flock in ten years' time. From these I shall sell some for my support. I shall then marry a girl of a respectable family. After nine months, as a matter of course, a son will be born, whom I shall educate with the strictest regard for discipline. Any show of disrespect on his part, will be met with chastisement on mine, with this rod." He was so lost in his own thoughts, that fancying the disrespectful boy to be standing before him, he laid the rod on the vessels holding the *ghee* and honey, which were kept on a shelf, and breaking them, brought the contents of the same on his head, face and beard. This of course dissipated his thoughts.

STORY LXVI. *The Monarch and the Hawk.* In ancient times a king much loved a hawk, who used always to sit on his master's hand. One day he went out to hunt,—the hawk with him. By chance a deer came in sight. The king threw his horse after her, and succeeded at last in capturing her. His attendants, though riding after him, had not yet come up. In the meantime the king felt thirsty. Reaching at last the edge of the mountain, he beheld water dripping from a spring. Taking out a cup from his quiver, he held it out to let the water collect in it. When full, just as the king was about to drink, the hawk with one flap of its wings, knocked down the cup and spilt the water. The king felt angry. He again kept the cup, but just as he was going to drink, again the hawk, by the same mode of proceeding, knocked it down. Thirsty as he was, he could bear no longer. He dashed the hawk on the ground and killed him. At this moment the groom came up; seeing the hawk dead and the king angry, he brought out water from his leathern bottle, and offered it to the king. "I would prefer that pure water from the spring," said the monarch, "go to the mountain top and get me some. I feel very thirsty, and cannot wait long for the cup to fill drop by drop." When the groom reached the top, he found a large serpent lying dead there, and his venom mixing with the water.

He descended at once and told the king what he had seen, and then gave him drink. The king put the cup to his lips, burst out crying, and told the groom how he had killed the hawk. Much did he blame his own precipitate haste, and as long as he lived lamented the loss of the bird.

Moral.—The wise never do any work without due deliberation.

STORY LXVII.—*The Cat and the Rat.*—There grew a tree in a certain forest, under which a cunning and cautious rat had made its hole. Near it also lived a cat. One day a fowler had laid his nets under the tree, and attached a piece of meat to it, the smell of which drew out the cat and placed her in the net. At that time the rat had also gone out of his hole in search of food. By chance his eyes fell on his enemy, and he was on the point of losing his senses, when he found that she was in the toils of the fowler. He thanked God, and blessed the fowler. Looking on the other side, he beheld an ichneumon lying in wait for him, and was obliged to go in the direction of the tree. On one of its branches sat a crow, ready to pounce upon him. The rat was overpowered with fear. He knew that if he advanced the cat would lay hold of him, that if he retraced his steps, the ichneumon would destroy him, and that if he remained stationary he would fall a prey to the voracity of the crow. Reason, he thought, was given to be employed in emergencies like these, and reason must now be called to devise some means of escape. She and she only was the most trustworthy adviser. Truly wise was he who in days of trouble never lost courage, nor allowed his affairs to be ruined by wrong thoughts. "It is best for me," he said, "to go up fearlessly to the cat and try and conciliate her. If I am in distress at present, she too is in a fix. If she would only hear me patiently, and place a proper construction on my motives; if she would place reliance on my assertions, and give me credit for disinterestedness; then, by the mercy of God, I can yet hope for relief." Going up to the cat at once, he asked what she was doing there. "Enquire not about my state," returned the other, in a sorrowful tone, "my body is entrapped and my soul is afflicted." "Grieve not" said the rat, "if you will hear me, I shall tell you something." The cat agreed. "A falsehood you have never heard me utter," began the rat, "and nothing but truth finds admittance in my mind. You know I always rejoiced in your distress, and considered your affliction as a source of gratification to myself; but to-day I am in danger as well as yourself, and my safety depends on your release. I therefore wish to become your friend, and thus ensure my own safety. Your prudence and wisdom, I hope, will believe the truth of what I say. If you have any doubt, just see there, the ichneumon is lying in wait for me, and the crow on the tree, sitting for a similar purpose. Both are bent on my destruction. If

then, you will come to terms, I shall approach you, and thus escape falling into the clutches of my enemies, and at the same time cut your bonds and free you from the toils which hold you fast." The cat heard these words, and was lost in musing, when the rat called out: "Oh wise creature! time is passing; as I am willing to save your life, so do you also ensure my safety. The freedom of each depends on the safety of the other. We are in a similar condition as the rower and his boat; the latter reaches safe on shore by the endeavours of the former, who in his turn is saved and helped by the boat." The cat at last prudently resolved to promise safety to the rat, and to become his friend. They then exchanged vows of amity. "What am I to do to you?" asked the cat. "When I approach you," replied the other, "receive me with great respect, and treat me as an old friend would treat another. My enemies will see this and go off disappointed; I shall then deliberately cut your bonds and release you." The cat agreed to these terms. The rat approached, and was received with all possible kindness. Seeing this, the ichneumon and the crow went their several ways to search for food elsewhere. The rat then set about cutting the bonds of the cat; but recalling to mind that he was releasing a known enemy, he proceeded slowly with the work. The cat was not blind to what was passing in the other's heart. Fearing lest she may be left in the lurch, she spoke in a very friendly tone, "Your safety is secured now, and your wish you have obtained through me. Why do you hesitate then in fulfilling your promise? Why do you wish to break your word? I knew that faith was a drug not procurable in this world's dispensary, and the right fulfilment of promise unattainable here; and I see now that the one is like the *phoenix*, existing only in name, and the other like the secrets of alchymy, with which no one is acquainted." "Never you think me wanting in faith," replied the rat, and that moment he released the cat and ran to his own hole.

Moral. The wise should never place blind reliance on the agreements of foes, nor on the amity of friends; but consult reason on every occasion, and act according to her dictates; for it was by her help that the weak and insignificant rat prevailed over his strong foes.

STORY LXVIII. *The reduced Farmer and his Wife.*—In a district of Persia there lived a farmer much reduced in circumstances. His days he past in starvation, for though he understood the science of Agriculture, still his poverty did not allow him to put his theory into practice. He had a wife, the handsomest woman of her age, to whom penury was anything but pleasing. "How long," she asked her husband, in a tone of reproof, "how long will you stick to your hut, and keep me in poverty? Better it is for you to go out in search of work, and perhaps you will succeed in getting it." "What you say is right," returned the man; "I have spent an age in this

district, living respectably, and its inhabitants have been my workmen. Now I cannot do ought but work, and to be employed by those who were once my servants is what I cannot bear. If you think it advisable, I shall leave this country and serve in foreign parts." The wife, who was hardly pressed by penury, agreed to the proposal, and they both set out in the direction of Bagdad. One day, fatigued with the journey, they sat in the shade of a tree conversing. The man became thoughtful on a sudden, and addressing his wife, said:—"Friend of my heart! I have left my native land, and am going to a country where no one knows me, and where I know no one. Perhaps we will meet tyrants or licentious characters, one of whom may become enamoured of your charms, and take you away; and you too, tired of poverty, may agree to leave me; then, in that case, what can I do but die?" "What thoughts are these?" returned the wife, "if I had such intentions, I would not have come on with you, leaving my home and my native land far behind. The vows I have made to you I shall never forget. Neither the force of tyrants, nor the guile of artful men, will induce me to prove false. Those vows, if you wish, I shall renew." In a word she did make promises to the following effect:—"If I shall die before you, it will be a source of great happiness to me, for which I shall be duly grateful to God. But if on the contrary, you will be called away first, I shall sacrifice my life and follow you. Nevertheless, if fate wills otherwise, and I be ordained to live a little longer, be sure that I shall pass my days in sad remembrance of you. These promises I shall never forget." The farmer, much pleased with these assurances, laid his head on the lap of his beloved partner and fell asleep. Before many hours had passed, a king who had gone out to hunt, and who had parted company with his attendants, came wandering that way. The moment the woman's eyes fell on his countenance, her heart was lost. The youth also was attracted by her extraordinary beauty, and approaching, asked who she was, and why was she there! "Prince!" answered the woman with a sigh, "how can I recount the tale of my distress to you? This old man, sleeping here, is my husband; my lot is eternal misery; and what the joys of life are, I know not." "Is it possible," asked the king, "that you, with such loveliness, are the wife of this old wretch? and possessing the treasure of beauty, that a lot of poverty is yours? Come with me, I shall place you on the throne of glory, and make you the queen of my dominions." With the characteristic faithlessness of the sex, the woman forgot the vows she had made to her husband, and expressed herself ready to accompany her princely lover. The youth finding her willing desired her not to lose time. "Come along!" he said, "I'll hold you on the saddle before me, and by the time the old foggy wakes, we shall be out of sight. The

woman immediately put down her husband's head from her lap, and getting on the horse, sat behind the young man, holding his loins with both her hands. The farmer awoke just that moment, and beholding his wife on horse-back with a stranger became very indignant. "Faithless!" he called out, "what art thou doing? Is this conduct of thine compatible with the vows thou hast made? Fearest thou not the punishment which will be inflicted on thee for thy faithlessness?" "Do not be making a row," exclaimed the wife. "The fair are never faithful." Then turning to her paramour, she desired him to make a start at once. The king obeyed, and in a minute they were out of the farmer's sight. The poor old fellow, weeping and wailing, went running after them, all the while cursing the infidelity of the sex. Persuaded by her, he thought, I left home to undergo the fatigues of travel. Now I have neither the face (*lit.*) to go back, nor the strength to run after them. I really do not know what will become of me." In the meantime, the king and the woman had gone ahead and drawing near a fountain, had alighted from the horse, and were reposing in the shade of a tree. They then rose, and enjoyed each other's society, after which the woman urged by a call of nature was retiring into an adjacent forest, when a lion emerged therefrom and bore her off. The king heard the animal's growl, and getting on his horse urged it to speed, all the time that his mistress was struggling in the lion's clutches, and paying dearly for her faithlessness. The old man, now made his appearance, and tracing the footsteps of his wife, went into the forest, where he found her mangled remains, half devoured by the lion. Thus he thought is faithlessness punished in the world.

Moral. They who turn away from fidelity, bring all the miseries of life on themselves.

STORY LXIX.—*The Frog and the Rat.*—On the banks of a fountain, a rat had made his hole under a tree. A frog also lived in the water, and would often come ashore, and sing his charming songs, which had the effect of pleasing the rat, who would clap hands and shake his head at the melody. This flattered the frog's vanity, and he wished to be acquainted with his admirer. Reason told him not to seek the friendship of one who was not of the same species as himself; for all such intimacies are weak and temporary. But as fools hearken not to the voice of Reason, the frog made his advance, and in a very short time they two became great friends, and lived as such. Freely would they converse on the most interesting topic. One day the rat said to the frog, "Friend! when my heart is pleased I wish to disclose my secrets to you, and relieve my heart by telling you all; but just at that moment you are under water. If I call out, you cannot hear on account of the water's roar, and if I exclaim loudly, the noise of the frogs drowns the sound. How is this to be remedied? I wish to devise means which would inform you of my ar-

rival the moment I would draw near the water." "What you say is true, observed the frog, "I often think of much the same thing. When my friend comes for me, I say, how shall I be informed of his approach: and if he waits for me, how shall I excuse myself for detaining him? And it sometimes happens that when I come near your hole, you go out by some other way. About this, I had thought of complaining to you; but you have forestalled me. To devise means to remedy the evils complained of, I leave to you; for the wise only can accomplish such a task successfully." "That I can do," said the rat, "I have already thought of a plan. I shall get a long bit of string one end of which I shall tie to your leg and the other end to mine. When I shall come near the water, I shall shake the string, and when you draw near my hole you can do the same." This plan they adopted, and from that day each became acquainted with the other's movements. One day the rat, determined to have an hour's conversation with his friend, the frog, approached the shore, when a crow pounced down and bore him away. The string being very strong, the frog also was pulled out of the water. As the crow flew on with the rat in his bills—the frog was dragged along, and a concourse of people assembled every where to see the novel fun of a crow making a frog his prey. "He is not my prey," called out the crow, "but companionship with the rat has placed him in his present predicament."

Moral. He who cultivates friendship with a creature of another species, will be punished in a like manner.

STORY LXX.—*The King and his Bird.*—A king named Ben Maden, had a strong liking for a bird, who was not only good-looking and good-natured, but extremely wise at the same time. The king would always converse with her, highly pleased with the apposite answers she would return. All on a sudden, the bird laid eggs in the king's Council-chamber, and hatched a young. This the king placed in charge of his servants and enjoined them to be very careful of their trust. The same day a son was born to the queen. When the prince grew up, he and the birdling became great friends. The one would always play with the other. The mother bird made it a point with her, every day to go to the woods, where were to be found fruits which men could not get, and bring two of them; one for the prince and another for her own young. In a short time, they both grew up strong, and the bird was more honored on account of her services. One day, when the mother-bird was absent, the young flew and perched on the hand of the prince, and scratched it with his bill. This annoyed the latter, and he dashed it on the ground with such force that he died. When the mother returned, and found her young dead, sorrow for her lost offspring nearly killed her. She thought to herself that she had brought on this calamity. She should have built her

nest on some tree-branch not in the king's Council-chamber. She should have remained content with little, and thus escaped misfortune. In this way, she spoke much against the faithlessness of worldly men, and reproved herself much for her covetousness. Afflicted beyond measure, and thirsting for vengeance, she attacked the prince, and after plucking out his eyes flew away to the house-top. The king wept bitterly when he heard the news, and resolved to entrap the bird and punish her for her presumption. Standing opposite the terrace, "Friend!" he said, "come down. If you have blinded my child in revenge for the death of thy young one, it matters not. Now do not destroy my happiness nor afflict me with thy absence." "King!" returned the bird, "sages have told me to shun men, who consider their evil deeds small, and the faults of others great. Covetousness and your friendship drew me away from the society of the great of my kind, and I left my native land to come and serve you. I had vowed to be in your service for the rest of my life, when lo! for a small fault, your child has destroyed my young. I was then reminded of the sayings of the wise. Now I do not intend to meet you. If I were sure of life, perhaps I would, once more; but to try him anew who is already tried is going beyond the sphere of wisdom. Have you not heard that the wise never try a thing twice! No one puts his hand in a serpent's hole. Besides your Majesty knows well that it is folly on the part of a criminal to be fearless of life: if he escape punishment for a time, eventually he is sure to come in for it; and should he, however, die before that, his children and his relations will suffer for him; for vengeance is dear to man—nay, to all animals. Now that I have avenged my offspring, and punished the prince, I am not in a humour to place myself in your power. If you have not heard it before, I shall first relate to you a story—

STORY LXXI.—*The Fakir and the Robber.* In the city of Rokba lived a wise and holy fakir named Danadil, (Wise heart) who was much esteemed by the great and the good. Determined to gain the grace of God, he set out on a journey, unattended and alone, to live a life of poverty and suffering. A band of robbers, suspecting him to be a rich personage, followed him with the intention of destroying him. Although he explained to the thieves that he was poor, they believed him not; and though he tried to counsel them, his efforts were all of no avail. The fakir was powerless. No one was there to assist him. At that moment a company of birds were flying that way. "Birds," called out the dervish, "I am being killed by robbers here. For God's sake do not forget to avenge me." The thieves laughed and asked his name. "Danadil," was the answer. "Well you are wise in name only," observed the robbers. "We think it no harm to kill fools." In a word they murdered him, and took away all that he

had. When the intelligence of his destruction reached the citizens, they much regretted his fate, and set enquiries on foot to discover his murderers. At last, one day, on the festival of *Eed*, a host of people assembled in the mosque, and amongst them were the murderers of the der-*vesh*. Just that moment a flight of birds came in sight. They alighted, and flying round the heads of the guilty, made a peculiar kind of noise. One of the party assured the others, that these men were the murderers, and that the birds had come to claim vengeance for the blood of *Dana-dil*. Thus they talked among themselves, until the king came to hear of it. He immediately sent the men to prison, where they confessed their crime. Justice then overtook them, and they were hanged.

STORY LXXII. *The old woman and her beautiful daughter*.—An old woman had a very beautiful daughter, who happened to fall sick of violent fever. The mother went about like one distracted, exclaiming: "Soul of thy mother! may my life be sacrificed to save thine!" Morning and evening would she pray, saying: "God spare this young creature, and take away instead of her, this old woman, tired of life." Such in fact was the burden of her prayers night and day. By chance, a cow belonging to her, returned from the fields one day, and going direct into the kitchen, put her head in a soup-pot. The contents she drank up, but when she tried to pull out her head from the pot, she found it to be an impracticable job. With the vessel crowning her, she went about from room to room, till the old woman's eyes fell on her uncouth figure. She was frightened out of her wits, and remembered that the angel of death, according to popular belief, comes to take away the souls of persons; and fancying that the figure before her was the identical angel, come to take away the soul of her daughter, "Spirit!" she called out, "I am not the young woman, I am a poor industrious dame. If you have come to take away my daughter, she is inside. Go thither and spare me."

STORY LXXIII. *The Scholar and his envious Teacher*.—A king had an excellent singer in his service. Him he loved dearly, and was always gratified with his songs. This man had a slave in his tuition, who in time excelled his teacher in the art of singing and playing. When the king heard of his proficiency, he had him carefully educated, and in a very short time, he became the first person of his age. As fools are always short-sighted, the teacher envied his pupil to such an extent, that the first opportunity occurring, he killed that *Tansen* of his day. When the king heard this news, he sent for the murderer, with a view of punishing him. When he was brought before him, the monarch with voice trembling with rage, asked: "Knowest thou not that I am a lover of pleasure, which was secured to me by thy singing and the slave's playing? Why then hast thou killed my slave

and robbed me of half my pleasure? I order now, that thou drink of the same bitter cup which the slave has been made to drink by thee, so that the rest may see and take warning." "King!" replied the singer, "I have done wrong in robbing you of half your pleasure; but if you order me to be killed, you will rob yourself of the whole." The king was pleased with the answer, and spared his life.

STORY LXXIV. *The Physician and his Patient*. A person complaining of a severe colic, repaired to a physician, and there began rolling on the ground, and calling for medicine. The doctor enquired of his companions what he had eaten that day. A piece of burnt bread, was the reply. "Very well," said the physician, "bring me that medicine which improves the power of vision, and I shall apply it to this man's eye." "What fun is this?" shrieked the patient, "is this the time for cracking jokes? I am dying of a colic, and you are prescribing applications for the eye; what has the stomach to do with the eye?" "I wish," said the doctor, coolly, "to improve thy eye-sight, so that thou mayest be able in future to discover white from black, and never eat burnt bread again. Thy eyes are first to be attended to, and then thy stomach."

STORY LXXV.—*Folly of Rebellion exposed*. One of the ministers of the king of *Taberistan* had the misfortune of becoming a rebel. The king very kindly wrote to him, advising him to forego disaffection; but as Fortune was frowning on him, he paid no heed to the royal counsel. The king then sent word to him, saying, "I and you are like glass and stone. Whether the glass hits the stone, or *vice versa* the glass is sure to break."

STORY LXXVI.—*The Ascetic and the wolf*. As a prudent and far-seeing ascetic was going through a forest, he saw a covetous wolf lying in wait for some innocent animal, whom he would deprive of life. The holy man opened his mouth and advised the wolf thus: "Take care, never attack the poor innocent goats of other people; for they who covet the goods of others are sure to be ruined." "Keep your advice to yourself," said the wolf; "there's a herd of goats grazing in yonder valley: I should not like to lose an opportunity of getting one of them; for if I do, I shall be for ever sorry afterwards."

STORY LXXVII. *The Arab and the Baker*. An Arab, who had first come to the city of *Bagdad*, saw a pile of loaves in a baker's shop, and felt himself tempted to get some. The poor fellow, who had hitherto lived on the smell of loaves, now, when he saw the reality, lost all patience, and going up to the baker, "Friend!" he said, "what will you take for giving me a belly-full of bread?" The baker fancying him to be like other men, and thinking that the most he could eat would be two or three loaves, answered:—"Pay me half a *deenaar* and eat as much as you can." Whereupon the Arab sat on the banks of a rivulet, the baker brought the loaves, and he commenced soaking them in water and eating

them one after another. Half a deenar's worth was soon consumed, and then a dirhem's and then a whole deenar's; but still he continued eating, upon which the baker, losing his temper, exclaimed: "Arab! how much will you eat?" "As long as this water will run," returned the other, "I shall continue eating."

Moral. As long as we live, we shall never be free from cares and fears.

STORY LXVIII.—*The Jackal and his Companions.* In Hindoostan there lived a jackal named Fureesa, who overcoming all carnal desires had retired to seclusion, to live in total abstinence from carnage and bloodshed. His relatives and friends, who were on visiting terms with him, asked him, "Why is it that you are living thus? If you have torn yourself from our affection, we can excuse that; but why have you abandoned our habits, to live a life of trouble? Abstaining from all the pleasures of this world is far from wise." "If you know," returned the jackal, "that the past cannot be recalled, and that the wise never rely on the future, you will admit that it is wise to spend the present in serving and fulfilling the behests of the Almighty. If you cannot do this, and if temptations are too strong for you, why talk to me like fools, who only think of their bellies. Go in peace, and leave all thoughts of me. Let me spend my days as I am doing now until this mortal frame shall fall and pass away." "Fureesa!" pursued his companions, "if God had willed that man should abstain from the good things of this world, why then did he create those things?" "Whatever is approved by reason," answered the other, "is good; not that which your senses approve of. Why for the sake of temporary pleasure deprive another of life? God has created many other things for you. Live on, and be satisfied with those. If in acting unreasonably, you meet with opposition from me; blame me not." His friends liked his words, ceased reproving, made him their leader, and lived following his counsels. He too, in time became renowned for his wisdom and piety.

STORY LXXIX.—*The Durwesh and the Confectioner.* A *Durwesh* who used to live a life of contentment, was one day walking about in the street, when a confectioner, who liked piety, beheld him, and invited him to his shop, to profit by his instructions. The man of God heard the call and entered the shop. The confectioner placed a plate full of honey before him, when flies, as is their wont, fell in a body upon it, some alighting on the borders of the plate, and some right on the honey itself. The confectioner shook his flappers to drive them. Those who were on the borders of the plate flew off easily; whereas those who were in the midst got entangled in the honey and lost their lives. The man of God laughed and was lost in thoughts. When he came to himself, the confectioner asked what had pleased him? "Brother!" he answered, "I compare the plate to the world, the honey

to its pleasures, and the flies to men of the world who have bellies to fill. Now those who sat on the border, are like free men, who are placed by fate in this world, but who do not much value its pleasures, preferring to live content on little. Now, remember, when the whisk of death will be shaken, those who have contented themselves with little, will easily escape from the sphere of distress; whereas those, who exclusively valuing its sweets, which lead to bitterness, have turned away from God, will be disgraced and punished."

STORY LXXX.—*The Prince of China and the King of Bagdad.*—The prince of China, thought of embarking on a voyage to see the wonders of creation. Bidding adieu to his father, he and his companions went on board a vessel, resolved to visit distant lands. When he reached Bagdad, the king of that city received and treated him very hospitably and in return for all his kind courtesy, received a Chinese slave-girl from the prince, who then proceeded towards Khorassan. The ruler of Bagdad, the moment that he beheld the slave-girl, fell in love with her, and thenceforward lived in her company, forgetful of the affairs of the empire, and regardless of the oppressions which were being practised on his subjects. The devout and pious of the realm prayed to God that the sovereign may be roused from his lethargy, and attend to the wants of his people. One night the negligent monarch beheld a saintly personage in his dream, and heard the following words:—"What is this that thou art doing? Why hast thou shut thine ears to the complaints of the poor? It is near that power may be lost, and wealth and rank depart from thee. Awake! and attend to affairs of state." The king started up and woke. From the next day he was aroused to a sense of duty, busied himself in the administration of justice, and ordered the slave never to be brought into his chamber, although his heart was still hers. Giving place to the fear of God, he tried by all means possible to escape from the fascination which the lovely slave was sure to exercise. But she could not bear absence from her royal lover, and disobeying all orders, presented herself once more in his apartments. The king again lost his heart, affairs of state were again completely neglected, and love, and love alone attended to, until he was once more aroused to what was his duty. He then saw, that there was no other way of escape but by killing the slave. Sending for one of his confidants, he informed him that the female had disobeyed orders, and was therefore to be drowned in the river. The courtier thinking that she was the king's mistress, thought it best to defer carrying the order into execution, lest the king, on recalling his words, may have to repent. After the lapse of some days, the sovereign actually felt the pangs of absence, and so much was he affected, that he was actually becoming deranged. One night the confidant seeing the state of the sovereign only getting worse,

restored the beautiful object of his affections to him, and him to life and love. In short, three times did the king order her to be executed, and three times did the confidant postpone it. One day, he was busy administering justice, and hearing the complaints of the poor, but his thoughts being all centred on his charmer, he was very much distracted in his proceedings. At last, he thought that there was nothing left but to execute his purpose with his own hands. Standing then on the top of his terrace, his beautiful mistress with him, and the river flowing just below, he resolved to sacrifice his own comfort for the good of his subjects; and calling the slave to him he pushed her into the stream, and feigned as if he himself was about to follow her. He then ordered every effort to be made to save her: but fruitless all; and he gave himself up to grief. He had one consolation, however. He knew he was guilty of shedding innocent blood, but then he did it for the public good. The destruction of one, ensured the happiness of thousands.

STORY. LXXXI. *The envious Man.* In the city of Bagdad, in the immediate neighbourhood of an envious man, lived a pious devotee, whom people greatly venerated, and whom they often came to visit. The envious man was of course greatly afflicted at seeing his neighbour honored and respected, and laying aside the dictates of reason, busied himself in devising plans how to harass and molest him. All his tricks, however, failed to gain the object in view. At last he bought a slave, showed him great kindness, and gave him as many presents as he could. Often would he tell him in private. "I am rearing thee up for a difficult enterprise; I hope thou wilt answer my expectations, and ease my heart of its anxieties." When several years had elapsed, and when the honesty and fidelity of the slave was established, he disclosed his secret thus:—"My life has become a burden to me on account of this neighbour of mine. I have tried my best to ruin him, but to no purpose. Bitter indeed is existence to me. Now I have reared thee up with a purpose, which is this: take me to-night to my neighbour's house, kill me there and come away. Next morning the people will find me dead, they will accuse him of murder, and thus his fame and reputation will be ruined." "My good sir," replied the slave, "give up such thoughts and devise some other plan: you dislike that devotee, well, I shall kill him, and relieve you." "That will not do," continued the other, "perhaps you will not be able to overcome him, and then, again, an opportunity is to be waited for; while I have not a grain of patience left. Come then, and as bound by the laws of servitude, obey me. Here is a note of manumission for thee, and here a purse of gold, which will suffice to keep thee comfortable for the remaining days of thy life. Kill me, and go off to some other city, where you can live independently." "Sir," observed the slave, "no wise man

would act as you wish to do. Revenge is sweet in this life alone. when you are dead yourself, what pleasure will you feel in the destruction of your enemy?" Words to this effect from the slave were of no avail, however. At last, when he saw that his master was determined to carry his resolve into execution, he took him on his neighbour's terrace, beheaded him there, and decamped with the letter and purse for Ispahan. In the morning the murdered remains were found, and the devotee taken up on suspicion and put in prison; but as every one in Bagdad knew him to be a good, virtuous man, the charge of murder could not be brought home to him, and thus he lived in confinement. At last a famous merchant of Bagdad paid a visit to Ispahan, and there came in contact with the slave, who recognised him and enquired about his master and his neighbours. The merchant recounted all, how his master had been killed, and how his pious neighbour was in distress. The slave could hold no longer. He confessed that he was the murderer; but at the same time, he gave the particulars connected with the case. The merchant on his return to Bagdad, waited on the governor, and having established the innocence of the devotee, had him released from confinement.

STORY LXXXII. *The offending Door-Keeper pardoned.* A king of Yemen, displeased with his door-keeper, had made his house a prison for him. At last hard prest by penury, the man resolved to attempt a deed which would either cost him his life or restore him to sufficiency. On the *nowroz* then, when the king was holding a royal durbar, he presented himself before his master, drest in robes of state, which he had borrowed of a friend. The attendants also let him pass, fancying the king had granted a free pardon to him. Just as he entered, the wine-cups were circulating, and a merry display of wit was kept up on all sides in the royal circle. The king felt angry at seeing him; but he did not think it wise to break the harmony of the meeting by any show of displeasure. He therefore turned aside his attention to the immediate duties of hospitality. The door-keeper very ardently performed his work, and at last an opportunity offering, walked off with a valuable plate. The king saw the deed, but thinking that poverty may have been the cause of his crime, he resolved to exercise his good nature, and remain silent on the point. By the time the party broke up, the plate was missed, and several persons taken upon suspicion of the theft. The king, on being informed of the circumstance, ordered them to be released, saying—"He who has taken it will not give it back, and he who saw the deed done, will not disclose the name of the thief." The next year, on the anniversary of the *nowroz* a similar grand party assembled at the king's palace, and among others, was the door-keeper. The king saw him and beckoning him to his side, "Perhaps the proceeds of the

plate have ben all spent," he said in a low tone. "Protector of the world," returned the other, bowing his head to the ground, "what I did, I did purposely, in hopes that I would be detected and punished, for I had worked hard for my family; but penury weighed heavy on us all. On the other hand, if I pass unnoticed, I thought, I shall be able to live comfortably for some time. The king admitted the truth of his assertion, and pardoned him.

STORY LXXXIII. *The Lion and the Lynx.*—In the vicinity of Aleppo there was a forest full of trees. Fountains also were to be seen in some places. A lion, who was a great tyrant, and who had shed the blood of many an innocent creature, was the king there. A lynx, one of his courtiers, could not bear to see such oppressions practised. He resolved to quit the service of the lion, and retire to some solitary place. But how to speak out the truth he knew not, and yet he could witness injustice no longer. While he was still uncertain in regard to his future proceedings, he on a sudden beheld a rat boring a hole in the trunk of a tree, which was thus complaining:—"Tyrant! why art thou trying to uproot me?" Regardless of this, the rat went on with his work, when a serpent made a rush at him and swallowed him up. The lynx learnt from this, that oppressors were sure to be punished. While the serpent was quietly sitting after his repast, a hedge-hog came, and taking his tail in his mouth sheltered himself behind his quills. The serpent dashed himself on the animal, but the result of his struggle was, that his whole body was perforated by the quills, and he died in great agony. This was a second warning for the lynx. When the serpent was dead, the hedge-hog feasted on his remains, and then hid himself behind his quills. The lynx was yet looking on when a famished fox made his appearance, and seeing the hedge-hog knew it to be a delicious morsel; but how to manage the quills? By some artifice however, he overturned the hedge-hog and defiled his back. He, fancying that it was raining, pushed out his head, when the fox rushed on him and killed him. He then feasted on his remains, and left nothing but skin and bones. Scarce had he dispatched his dinner, when a dog attacked him and tore him to pieces. He in his turn was destroyed by a leopard, and the latter by a hunter, who flayed him immediately. But before he had time to secure the prize, another horseman came up, and tried to get the skin by force. The result was that they came to blows, and the hunter was killed. The other took away the prize and was riding home, when his horse tripped, and the rider came to the ground dislocating his neck. The lynx was filled with awe at sight of these occurrences. He lost no time in presenting himself before the lion, and asked his permission to depart from the forest. "In my service," said the lion, "you have hitherto lived in ease; what induces you now to retire

therefrom?"—"Protector of the world!" answered the lynx, "a thought has occurred to me, which I think it a sin to conceal from you; and yet in disclosing it, I endanger my life. If you would vow not to harm me, I shall make a clean breast of it." The lion did as desired, and swore he would abide by his promise. "King," then began the lynx, "all your thoughts have reference to the persecution of animals—all your efforts are directed to their bloodshed; with consideration you never act, nor is there any one bold enough to counsel or dissuade you." The lion did not relish these words. He was about to be angry, when recalling his promise to mind, he held his peace, and asked, "But why do you wish to retire when *your* safety is secure?" "For two reasons," was the answer. First, because I can neither bear to see oppression practised, nor take the part of the persecuted; and secondly, lest when vengeance fall on you, I may be brought in also for my share of retribution." "You have seen the world!" observed the lion, "but you have never experienced evil; and as for retribution, who has taught you that word?" "King!" returned the other, "he who is blest with reason, is able to learn in a moment what it takes the generality, years to understand. Besides, it is known to all, that he who sows the seed of evil, is sure to gather bitterness and distress; whereas he who plants the tree of good, will profit by the fruits of gain. This world, which is a scene of retribution, is compared by the wise to an echoing mountain—whatever you say, whether good or evil, the same sound is echoed back to you. These facts I understood long ago; but how evil is immediately punished, I have lately seen." He then recounted the story of the rat, the serpent, the hedge-hog, &c. But the lion was far from profiting by his advice. When the lynx found that the integrity of his words was misconstrued, he rose and slowly retired. The lion, now fierce through rage, went in quest of him; but the latter had hid himself in a thick bush. The lion came up to the spot, and passed on, when he beheld a deer caressing two of her young ones, after whom he immediately ran. "Monarch," shrieked the mother, "what will you gain by killing my young? Let not my eyes weep and my heart groan in their absence. Remember you have young ones also; and what you intend doing to mine, may befall thine also." Regardless of her cries, however, the lion devoured her young. The deer, deeply afflicted, was running about the forest, when all on a sudden she beheld the lynx, and burst out into loud cries. The lynx comforted her as much as he could, and assured her, that in a short time, the lion would be punished for his deeds. It happened that this tyrannical beast, had two cubs whom he loved very dearly; and at the moment that he was feeding on the young of the deer, some hunters entered his cave, killed his cubs, and went off with their

skins. When the lion returned, he found his young slain, whereupon he set up such loud lamentations that all the beasts of the forest were astonished. An abstemious wolf, who lived in the neighbourhood, came to condole with him, bade him be patient, for no one in this world had passed without grief. "Protector of the world!" he continued, "open your ears and hear. I shall speak to you about the works of God, as well as of the unfaithfulness of this world." The lion heard her words, and was somewhat consoled. The wolf seeing herself successful thus far, boldly went forward and said:—"Monarch! every beginning has an end, and when the time comes 'tis all over in a second. After grief comes joy, after gain, loss. In all circumstances, it is always the best to rely on God. Loud complaints indicate a weak mind." "Wise as you are," said the lion, "your words are true, and I shall never lose patience in future. But every evil that occurs can always be accounted for. Now tell me, why my young ones have been destroyed?" "That's easy enough," remarked the lynx, "what you did to others, the hunters did to yours."

Moral. What you do to others, shall be done to you.

STORY LXXXIV. *The Oppressor.*—In ancient times there lived an oppressor, who had made it a practice to purchase wood from the poor at very low prices, and sell it again to the rich very high. The rich as well as the poor were sadly distressed at these proceedings of his. One day he took away wood from an old and helpless beggar, and paid him half the price due. The man wept and cried, and prayed to Heaven to punish the tyrant. A pious devotee heard his complaints, and waiting on the oppressor, counselled him thus:—"Oppression and deprivation of rights are both mean and degrading. God is offended with such practices, and it often happens that vengeance overtakes the evil-doer even in this world. Those who have none to complain to but God, are especially to be dreaded! Treat no one ill, or retribution will soon smite thee." The other, who was proud and obstinate, was offended at these words. "Bother me not with your nonsense," he growled, "nor provoke me with your cock and bull stories." He was gone. As it happens, however, that oppressors can never prosper, a destructive fire broke out from his pile of wood, and the flames spreading, his house and property were all consumed. The next morning, the old wretch sat lamenting among his friends, wondering where the fire had originated from. "Tyrant!" exclaimed the durwesh, who had counselled him the day before, and who was just passing that way, "it originated from the sighs of the oppressed." Fortunately these words had effect on his heart. Ashamed of himself, he said, "It is true, that I planted the seed of oppression, and lo! this is the fruit." From that day he was a changed man.

STORY LXXXV. *The Monkey and the Figs.*—At a time, a certain monkey having given up all intercourse with the world, was living in retirement in a recess of the forest, in which fig trees abounded. The creature knew very well that food was necessary for the support of animal life, and that in the forest in question there were no other fruits but figs. If then, he ate all the figs, ripe and unripe, what would become of him in the winter? Resolved he was therefore to break the figs from one tree daily, to feed on as many as he required, and to dry and keep the rest for summer and winter provisions. Thus he went on for some time. One day a wild boar, escaping from hunters, made his appearance in that forest. Tree after tree he examined; but not a fruit could he find. At last he came to the one on which the monkey was that moment sitting. He beheld the new comer, and wondering in his heart, asked who he was. The latter blest him and said—"I am a traveller in these woods. Can I expect hospitality from you?" "You are right welcome!" exclaimed the monkey, warmly, "if I had known that you were coming, I would have prepared something for your reception." "Don't trouble yourself," said the other, "I am but a traveller; any thing will satisfy me." At last the monkey was obliged to shake a tree. The boar ate heartily, till not a single fruit remained on the ground, then turning to the monkey, "Friend!" he said, "I am not satisfied; give a shake to another tree, please." This the other did also, and the fruits were immediately devoured. The boar then pointed to a third tree. "My dear guest!" cried the monkey, "do not forget justice; I have offered thee food, which would have supported me for months. More I cannot give." "This forest," said the boar, in angry tones, "has been in thy possession from years. For a moment, make me the owner." "It is not dignified to become angry," remarked the monkey, "regain your temper, and cease afflicting the weak, for oppressors are sure to be punished." This enraged him more. "This moment," he said, "I shall cast thee down from the tree." And sure enough, he was climbing, when the first branch on which he had set his foot gave way, and he came headlong down, a corpse.

Moral. This is a world of retribution. As you treat others, you will be treated.

STORY LXXXVI. *The Ascetic and his guest.*—In the land bordering on Kanouje lived an ascetic, who passed all his time in prayers. What he got from heaven, he shared among travellers. One day a pilgrim stopped at his hut. The holy man came out with a smiling countenance, welcomed him warmly, and enquired whence he had come, and whither he was going.—"Mine is a long story," answered the guest. "If you will permit me, I shall recount it." "Go on, I am sure to benefit by it," was the reply. "I am a Christian," began the guest, "and by trade a baker. A landholder was my friend. He sup-

plied me with corn and took its price in time, by degrees. This of course was very convenient to me. One day he invited me to his garden, asked me how I lived, what my income was, and whether I was comfortable. I gave him a faithful account of my income and expenses, and added, that the former was not sufficient for the support of self and family." "Why," remarked the landlord, "I believed the income of thy trade to be large; but I see I was wrong." I then turned to him and asked "Friend! what is thy capital, and what thy gains?" "The first small," he answered, "and the second large. A few seeds sown, give a rich harvest; but I am not content for all that." I expressed surprise at this. "Be not astonished," said the farmer, "the gains of husbandry are great. Take a poppy seed for instance, which is the smallest of seeds; sow it in good ground, and let it germinate and grow. It will have twenty or more branches, and each will be crowned with a poppy containing innumerable seeds. From this, know that the gains of my profession are great." These words had great effect on me. From that moment I busied myself in agricultural matters. A wise durwesh, who was living in my neighbourhood, heard of this affair, and calling me to his house rebuked me severely, and said:—"Sir, be content with the gains of your own trade; for covetousness is the worst plague of life and eventually leads her slaves to ruin and disgrace." "But," said I, "the gains of my trade are not sufficient for my support."—"They have been hitherto sufficient for thee," said the durwesh, "why should they be not so for the remaining years of thy life? No, no; renounce covetousness and stick to thy trade." "I made a mistake, however, and turned a deaf ear to his counsels. My creditors surrounded me on all sides—I had nothing in hand to satisfy their demands. At last, when matters came to a crisis, I decamped from the city, and am now leading a vagrant life."

Moral—Never abandon your profession.

STORY LXXXVII. *The Washerman and the Crane*.—A washerman was in the habit of washing clothes on the banks of a tank. There he daily beheld a crane, who would come regularly, feed on some of the worms to be found in the tank, and return to his nest very contentedly. One day a swift-winged hawk made his appearance, attacked and killed a partridge, and having devoured a portion of its flesh, left the remainder and flew off. The Crane, on seeing this occurrence, thought within himself, that a small animal like the hawk had courage to attack and prey on large creatures; whereas he, a big bird, was content with feeding on worms. This, he believed, showed nothing but cowardice on his part. From that day, then, he resolved to prey on pigeons and partridges. The washerman beheld all from a distance. One day a pigeon appeared in sight, and the crane flew after it with a view of bringing it down. The other changed

its course, whereupon the crane, in endeavouring to follow it, fell on the banks of the tank, and his feet got entangled in the mud. The more he tried to take himself out, the deeper he sank; until at last his wings got wet and he lay in a helpless state. The washerman ran and caught him. While taking him home, a friend met him, and enquired what the creature was he had got, and how he had managed to catch it. "Why" said the other, "this is a foolish crane, who in trying to act the part of a hawk has brought himself to disgrace."

STORY LXXXVIII. *A Man with two Wives*.—A man had two wives, one old and the other young. He himself was middle-aged. Both he loved equally. Night and day would he remain in their company, and when about to sleep, would lay his head on the lap of one, and fall off to rest. One day he was with his old wife, and laying his head on her lap fell asleep. The dame looking on his whiskers and beard, thought it best to remove all the black hairs therefrom, and leave him completely grey, so that his young wife would lose all affection for him, in which case, it was probable, that he would notice her conduct, and separate himself from her, to pass his days exclusively with the other, herself. Her resolution she carried into effect. The next day the man visited his young wife, and fell asleep with his head on her lap. The idea which had occurred to the old woman the day before, now presented itself to the young one; and she tried her best to remove the grey hairs from her husband's beard. Thus in a few days the old man found to his shame, that his beard had entirely disappeared. Long did he beat his head through vexation, but it availed him nothing.

STORY LXXXIX. *The Fowler and the Scholars*.—A poor old man used to gain his livelihood by fowling and fishing. One day, while he was just on the point of entrapping three birds, his ears were assailed with a loud noise. Emerging from his recess, to see what the matter was, he beheld two scholars disputing with each other. Though the fowler begged hard of them not to make a noise, they minded him not, till at last, he was obliged to promise them a bird each, to induce them to hold their tongues. He drew his net and got the birds. The scholars claimed their shares. Hard did the fowler beg to be excused. "These three birds," he said, "are all that I have to live on to-day. If I were to give you two, what shall I do with one only?" They heeded him not, till at last he was obliged to satisfy their demands. "Well, now," he said, "the birds you have got; tell me, please, what you were disputing about. Perhaps I shall be benefited by that means one of these days." "Why," said they, "the subject of our dispute was, whether a hermaphrodite was entitled to an inheritance." And what is a hermaphrodite?" asked the fowler. "One who is neither a man nor a woman," was the answer. The fowler remembered the word, went grieving

home, told the particulars to his children, and remained that night half-starving. The next day he went out fishing, and by chance got a lovely fish, the like of which no one had seen before. The fisherman knowing that such a fish was seldom caught, resolved to take it alive to the king. He placed it in a vessel full of water, and repaired to the palace. It was usual with the king, on a certain fixed day, to sit on his terrace, below which was a marble tank, containing fishes of all colors and descriptions. That day he was there. The fisherman came and placed the offering before him. He was highly pleased, and ordered a thousand *deenars* to be given to the man. One of his courtiers rose, and folding his hands stood before him and said:—"Fish, sire! we have plenty in the pond, and fishermen also are as numerous. If then, a thousand *deenars* are to be paid for a single fish, the exchequer will be emptied in a day or two, and the revenue of the state will not be sufficient to meet the expenses." "But I have already passed my royal word," said the king, "how can it be recalled?" "That is easy enough. Ask the man, if the fish he has brought is male or female. If he says it is male, direct him to bring a female of the same kind, if the reverse, order him to get a male, and then the thousand *deenars* will be paid him. Of course he will be unable to do what he is bade, and will then be content with a small sum." The king did as desired. "Is this a male or female fish?" he asked. "May it please your Majesty," answered the old fisher, quite awake to the dodge, "'tis a hermaphrodite, neither male nor female." The king was much amused with the answer, and ordered another thousand *deenars* to be added. Pleased, moreover, with the acuteness of the man's sense, he made him a courtier.

STORY XC.—*The Crow and the Partridge*.—As a crow was flying one day, he beheld a partridge, with whose graceful walk he was much pleased. Determined to walk in the same way, he left off food and drink, and always followed him. The partridge seeing him daily, enquired what his object was. "I am determined to walk like you," replied the crow, "and thereby gain the respect of friends." "What an idea!" exclaimed the other, laughing, "do not make a fool of yourself; but abandon the thought." "I shall do no such thing!" said the crow, "I shall either die or learn thy mode of walking." For years then the foolish crow followed the partridge, but never a bit did he learn to walk like him. On the contrary he forgot his own way of walk, and then there was no remedy for it.

STORY XCI.—*Sources of pride to Kings, &c.* There reigned in Hindoostan a King, named Mullar, whose troops were numerous, and whose wealth large. He was greater than other Kings, and was proud of several things, which were seen in his court exclusively. The first of these was, that he had two sons the most handsome and good-natured princes of the time, whose chief delight was to act according to the will of

their father. One was named Suheyl-i-yemen, and the other Mah-i-khoten. *Secondly*, their mother, *Eeran Dokht*, by name, was so beautiful, that one would suppose the Creator had exhausted his creative power on her. At the same time she was the most sweet-tempered living creature, and moreover was the very personification of Modesty and Chastity. Added to all these, was the great love she bore the King. Not a moment would she bear to live far from him. *Thirdly*, he had a *vazeer*, named Elar, a very honest and economic personage. In the execution of public duties he was really unrivalled, never shrinking from any trouble or inconvenience in ensuring the weal of the people; and never preferring selfish considerations to the glory of God. Add to all this, he was so much attached to the King, that forgetting his own existence, he lived but for the service of his royal master, whose will was his law. *Fourthly*, he had a wise Secretary, who was conversant with all the languages, understood all the affairs of State, and could write in any style it pleased the King to dictate. Notwithstanding that he was such a great personage, he was all faithfulness to the King. His name was Kamal. *Fifth*, he had three elephants, very brisk and agile, and tamed in war to break through the enemy's ranks. One of them was white. *Sixth*, he had two camels, mountain-backed and swift-footed. *Seventh*, he had a horse, fleet as the wind in running. *Eighth*, a sword whose like was not to be found anywhere. Each and all of these were dearly prized by the king. He would take a delight in looking at them. Then he would only praise God for His goodness, and busy himself with affairs of State. It happened at this time that a company of ignorant Brahmins had by their false teaching succeeded in misleading several persons. The King, who was decidedly the Defender of the Faith of his people, sent for these false preachers, and warned them against their proceedings; but these unfortunate wretches heeded him not. The King at last ordered twelve thousand of these disaffected dupes to be executed, and their houses to be pillaged. Four hundred of these, then immediately feigned to have renounced their errors, and offered their services to the King; but all the time they were waiting for an opportunity to avenge their brethren slain. At last one night, the king heard seven dreadful sounds, which startled him from sleep. He was much afraid at the time, but fell off into a slumber again, when he fancied he saw two red fishes, standing on their tails and praising him. He woke again. In short—that night he dreamt seven times, awoke seven times and fell off to sleep again. The second dream was this: two colored ducks and a goose lighted from the air and blessed him. Thirdly, he beheld a green serpent streaked with yellow and white twining itself round him. In the fifth he fancied himself bathed in blood from head to foot. Sixthly he saw a pilgrim riding on a camel and

going post haste towards the east, with no one with him, save a footman and a sweeper. On the sixth occasion, he felt a bright fire burning on his head, and illuminating the darkness around. Seventhly he saw a bird sitting on his head and pecking at it. This time the monarch screamed so loudly, that the whole household was roused and ran to him. He on his part became anxious to hear the dreams interpreted; but what wise man to ask, he knew not. In these thoughts, morning dawned. The king giving way to precipitancy, and without exercising any prudence, sent for those wicked brahmins, who had dissimulated faithfulness, and related to them the dreams of the night. Perceiving that the monarch was alarmed, they informed him, that the interpretation of the dreams was not easy, and that they must first consult their books before they gave any decisive opinion. They retired. Now, they saw, was the time, to give fair play to their rascality; now, they knew, was the opportunity of avenging their brethren slain. Hesitation was not to be thought of. Boldness of speech was evidently most serviceable. Resolved they were to tell their sovereign, that the seven dreams indicated seven dangers, from each of which it would be difficult to escape with life. If safety was desired, the only way to ensure it, was to kill all the best ministers of the court. The king was to sit in water for an hour, and the blood thus shed, was to be sprinkled on him, while the brahmins would go on reciting their *munters*. When his ministers are gone, thought they, he cannot escape long; for alone and single-handed what can he do. Determined to act in this way they presented themselves before the King, and told him that a terrible calamity was at hand, from which they hoped his Majesty would escape, if he listened to their words; otherwise, not only would the sceptre depart from his hand, but his life too would be jeopardised. The king was greatly alarmed. "How is safety to be secured?" he asked. "Say and you shall be heard." "The two fishes," began those diabolical augurs, "are your two sons, and the serpent that twined round your legs is your wife. The two colored ducks are your elephants, and the large goose, the white one. The camel is the horse, you own, and the footman and the sweeper indicate the quick-paced camel. The fire which burnt on your head, typifies your minister Eiar; and the bird which was pecking at your head, the Secretary Kamal. The blood with which your body was bathed, shows that these creatures will all combine in destroying you, and you will be made to welter in your blood. Now if you wish to escape this danger, act thus: kill the Children with their Mother, together with the minister, the Secretary, the elephants, the horse, and the camel. Collect their blood in a vessel, then take your sword, dip it therein, and breaking it in two, bury it with the remains of the dead. We shall after this mix

their blood with pure river water; and your Majesty must sit in water, and we shall sprinkle you with the fluid we shall have prepared. We shall moreover, repeat some *munters* over you and write a talisman over your forehead and shoulders. After this you can bathe and anoint yourself. By these means, we are confident you will escape danger." The king heard this and was much saddened. "False friends!" he said, "rather than hearken to your advice, I would prefer death. When I have sacrificed those objects which conduce to my happiness, what joy will there be left in life for me?"

STORY XCII.—*Solomon's preference of a mortal life, &c.* In the reign of Solomon, (who ruled over the whole animal creation) a cup holding the water of immortality was brought him by a Sage. "If you do not drink this," said the messenger, "I am instructed by a voice from high to tell you, that you will soon depart from this world; but if you do—everlasting life will be yours. Now here is the water of immortality. Drink and live till the day of judgment; or do not, and be annihilated." In a matter like this, thought Solomon, the wise should be consulted. Convening then a council, in which Sages of all races were present he laid the matter before them. All were in favor of life. The drift of their argument was this:—"Life," they said, "is the sweetest boon of heaven to us. With wisdom and the fear of God, it can be enjoyed to advantage for ever." They were all of opinion that His Majesty should drink the water. "Is there no philosopher of my own country present," asked Solomon, "to advise me?" "No," said the others, "the Heron is not present." The horse was sent to call him; but inasmuch as he was a recluse and had given up all intercourse with the world, he would not listen to the words of the horse. The dog was deputed next. With him came the Heron. "I have sent for thee, to be advised," said Solomon; "but before I disclose matters to thee, tell me, why you came not, when the horse, a noble animal, was sent to invite thee, and came when a dog, which is a hated creature, went?" The Heron began very modestly.—"Who am I," he said, "to advise, the wisest of the time? However, as I have been honored with a call, I hope fortune will assist me in saying words which will be agreeable to his Majesty. Monarch!" he continued, "although the horse is a noble-looking animal, yet he has never grazed in the Field of Fidelity, nor drunk from the Fountain of Faith. Ancient Sages have said, that a Woman, a Sword, and a Horse are never faithful. On the other hand, though the dog is not handsome to look at, yet his are unswerving fidelity and unchanging Faith. I in my solitude, could not believe the words of one notorious for his faithlessness; but when a good creature came to invite me, I readily followed him."—Solomon was pleased with the explanation, and then questioned him about the advisability of drinking the water of life. "King!" asked the Heron, "will you alone

drink it or your friends also?" "It has come for me alone;" was the reply; "having no permission, how can I give it to others?" "Then, protector of the world!" returned the other, "what is life without friends? God has made you ruler in this world; how will you manage without assistants?" Solomon praised the wisdom of his adviser, and sent back the water of life.

STORY XCIII.—*The King, the Woodcutter, the Durwesh, &c.*—In Yemen there lived a King, wise of head and kind of heart. One day having gone out to hunt, and not having succeeded in bagging any creature, he lost his spirits, and was looking about him, when all on a sudden his eyes fell on a wood-cutter, who had clad himself in deer-skin, and was that moment, taking breath after his work, leaning on a rock; the King mistaking him for a deer, discharged an arrow at him, which flew right to the aim, and wounded the poor fellow. When the hunter approached him, he found him weltering in his blood. Very sorry was he for what he had done, and much did he reprove himself for his haste. Of the man he begged pardon, gave him some ointment, paid him a thousand deenars, and returned home, determined not to do any thing precipitately in future. It happened that in the vicinity of the city, was the home of a *durwesh*, a holy man, who had withdrawn himself from the temptations of the world, to live a life of contentment and quiet. The King resolved to visit and consult him. Entering his oratory, he paid him all the honors, which Kings show to pious men, and requested of him to favour him with some gems from his mine of wisdom, which would serve to edify him in life, and secure his salvation afterwards. "Protector of the world!" said that pure-hearted man, "the quality which best adorns royalty is refraining from Anger." "True it is," answered the King, "but it is very difficult to curb your temper when it is excited by anger. And what is worse, I have no adviser in the Court who would do the needful for me. How then is this to be managed?" "For Princes," returned the other, "it is necessary to make a confidant of a true and worthy domestic, and to authorise him to try his best to cool his master's temper when he is angry, by reminding him of the sin he is committing. But until you secure the services of such an one, I shall give you three pieces of paper, with something written on them. Place these in charge of one of your courtiers, and desire him always to look out, so that the moment he finds you angry, or about to be angry, he may hand over one of those bits to you. If you are wise, this will cool you. But should it not, let the second be immediately presented, and if the corruption of Nature still triumphs in you, let him hand over the third. I hope to God this will succeed in banishing rage from your heart." The King was highly delighted and the *durwesh* wrote out his counsels on three bits of paper, and made them over to one of the courtiers. On the first was written: Never place

the reins of thy temper in the hands of passion, otherwise it will cast thee from God's favor, and lead thee to destruction." On the second was written:—"When you are angry, be kind to the powerless, and He who is the Most Powerful will be kind to you." The third said; "Obey the dictates of Reason, and turn not away thy face from justice." The King thanked God, and returned to his palace, and from that day his minister was always with him, with the three bits of paper, which served in a great measure to pacify his temper. It happened that this King had a beautiful and good-tempered female slave, whom he loved dearly. The queen grew jealous at this, and set about devising measures to remove her rival. But no confidante had she. At last she had recourse to her hair-dresser, and they both came to the resolution of killing the King and punishing the slave. "Tell me" said the domestic, addressing the Queen, "which part of the slave's body does the King admire the most?" "The chin," was the answer. "Well then," pursued the other, "I shall mix poison with some indigo and place it on the girl's chin as an artificial mole. The King will of course kiss it, and will be there and then settled. The removal of the girl afterwards will be easy enough." The queen agreed to the plan, and the hair-dresser set about carrying it into execution. By chance, however, the whole of the conversation above recorded, was overheard by one of the slaves of the King. Much did he like to disclose all to his Majesty, or even to the girl; but no opportunity could he find to do so. One day the King was sleeping in the apartments of his beautiful mistress, when the faithful slave determined to risk his life in the service of his master. Boldly then, he walked into the private apartments. The King saw the intruder, and drawing a sword ran after him. The slave fled, pursued by the King. On the door stood the confidant, with the three bits of paper. Beholding the Monarch in a paroxysm of rage, he showed the first bit to him. In vain. The second was then shown. Useless again. However when the third was handed over, the King checked himself, and sending for the Slave, asked him what he meant by his boldness! The other told all, and added that when he had found no other way of meeting his Majesty, he had determined to cast himself in danger, just for the purpose of speaking to him. The Queen was then sent for, and enquiries made of her. She denied all and added: "Protector of the world! I have often been told that there is something very tender going on between this slave and the girl; but I took no notice of the stories, knowing well that if I told you, you would not believe me, and I would thenceforward be noted as a busy-body. Now that you have seen his unscrupulous conduct, delay not his execution. Let none of his excuses prevail." The King looked towards the slave. "I cannot ask you," said the other, addressing the King, "to have the

blue mole on the girl's chin examined by any one; but if you will send for the hair-dresser, and examine her casket, the whole truth will be made known at once." The hair-dresser was sent for. She came, and the casket was found with her, and in it the indigo preparation, which she was ordered to taste. Though much reluctant to do this, yet she could not disobey. She ate—and died that moment. The truth was now found out. The queen was imprisoned, and the slave freed and honored with a post in the government.

Moral. It was mildness which saved the King from destruction. The great, and especially Sovereigns, should never be precipitate.

STORY XCIV. *The Pigeons.*—A pair of pigeons had collected a quantity of grain in the rainy season for winter consumption. As the grains were moist they appeared a good deal; but when the warm season had passed away, and they dried up, they seemed much less than what they were before. The male bird had gone out to travel. On his return, he observed the decrease, and began reproving the female for drawing on the provisions of winter, when she should have gone out and found her daily food in the woods. She on her part denied the charge, and strongly maintained that not a grain had she touched; but the male bird not believing her, beat her to such a degree, that she died. The rainy season returning, the grains were moistened again, and appeared as much as they had been last year. The male then found out what the real cause of the decrease was. Much did he reprove himself for haste, and sadly did he grieve for the dear friend he had lost.

Moral. In no case, and especially in matters of life and death, should the wise be precipitate.

STORY XCV.—*The King and the Goldsmith.*—The king of Aleppo wishing to have jewels made for the daughter of a friend of his, heard of the fame of a certain goldsmith. He sent for him, and ordered him to make the jewels in question in his presence. As the man was very clever and acute, he day by day gained the king's favor, and at last became one of his confidants. A wise man of the Court saw all this, and presenting himself before the monarch, "Protector of the world!" he said, "without enquiring into the wisdom and character of that man, your Majesty has honored him too far. Rulers in ancient times avoided intercourse with the opulent low, and never preferred them to high posts. This goldsmith, I cannot help thinking, though not a common fellow, is still for all that a man of no character. His talk is scandalous, and malevolence colors all his thoughts. Gratitude and fidelity can never be found in such persons. I have often remarked, that when you show favor to any one, his brow becomes dark, and wise men have said, that one of the signs of the wicked is this: he can never bear to see the good of another. The great should associate with the virtuous and the wise."

"Stop a bit, my well-wisher!" said the king, "I see thou speakest warmly; but this man is respectable, and his respectability is apparent from his looks and manners. I am sure his mind also is adorned with noble qualities." "Beauty," answered the minister, "is the snare of fools. The wise never go after external appearances. A philosopher, in days of yore, fell in love with a charming girl, and at last succeeded in possessing her. But when he came to know her inward qualities, he found that she was the most wicked creature alive. Turning away from her, therefore, "The house was handsome indeed," he said, "but there is no good occupant in it." "He whose temper is good," remarked the king, "should be provided for. The defects you see in him, originate from his want of education. When trained up, he will be a different man." "Protector of the universe!" said the vazeer, "the wise make no mistake between the good and the bad. If the unworthy be educated for a thousand years, still his nature will not be altered."

STORY XCVI.—*The King and his two Sons.*—A great and brave king of Turkey had two good-looking, good-tempered sons. When the king died, the elder brother got possession of the throne by force, and opened the doors of the treasury. The younger brother, fearing harm, left his country, and went out travelling alone. The whole day he walked. In the evening he arrived at an inn, where he passed the night. In the morning he set out again. By chance another handsome-looking youth, who had seen the world, became his companion. The prince, who had traced goodness in his looks, delighted in his friendship. In the next stage they met a young merchant, who had left home for travelling. In the third, a farmer's son became their acquaintance. Thus, in the society of each other, the fatigues of the way were easily borne by the four friends. At last, after wandering about for some time, they reached the city of Nistow, and put up in an inn. They were all out of expenses. Now is the time, said they, when each should bring his talents into use, and after gaining some thing, stay in the city for a few days. "Every thing," remarked the prince, "depends on the will of God. Human efforts can accomplish nothing, and wise is he who never wastes his endeavours." "Riches," observed the handsome youth, "are to be acquired by means of beauty." "Beauty," said the young merchant, "is an article whose price always varies. Virtue, understanding, and a knowledge of business, are the best of all good qualities. Those who are blest with these, always succeed in their desires." "But understanding, and a knowledge of business," said the farmer's son, "are not always of use. I have often seen the wise failing, and the ignorant succeeding. There are many arts which assist men a great deal, and make the wise rich and independent." At last, when the turn came for the prince to speak again, "I still

maintain," said he, "what I advanced before. I deny that beauty and a knowledge of the arts are instrumental in gaining wealth. It is fate, and fate alone, which disposes all. It is best to obey God, to entrust our concerns to Him, and to rely on His mercy; for He who has made us, also provides for us.

STORY XCVII.—*The Countryman losing and regaining his Property.*—A generous countryman, living in Andalusia, had amassed a little fortune. At one time when his income exceeded his expenses, he had laid by three hundred deenars. This was his chief stock, and highly did he value it. Often would he send for his purse, take out the glittering coins, and gratify his heart by counting and recounting them. One day, just after this proceeding, as he was going to deposit them in the usual place, he heard the sound of the footsteps of a friend. Not wishing another to see the wealth he had, he immediately dropped the purse into a water-vessel, and joined his friend, to take a stroll through the village. When departing, he told his wife to keep the dinner ready against his return. When he had gone, his better-half rose to look to the cooking of the dinner. Finding the water-vessel empty, she took it up, and stood at the door in expectations of meeting some one who would fetch water for her. By chance, a village butcher, who had come to purchase cows, was just passing that way. He was an acquaintance of the farmer's wife, and she desired him to take the trouble of fetching water for her. He agreed to oblige her, and the vessel with the deenars in it, was handed over to him. In the way, he heard the chinking sound of coins, and looking into the vessel found the purse in it. Right glad was he at the discovery, and determined to lay by the treasure as his capital, and live on the gains of his profession. Giving up the idea of going for water, he repaired to the market, bought many a fat and young cow, and turned homeward. In the way he thought, that if he kept the purse with him, thieves might attack him, and if he buried it under ground, he would have no rest the whole of that night. What was worse, he knew no trustworthy person with whom he could deposit it. He resolved at last to shove it down the throat of one of his cows, and thus take it home. This he did. When near home he met his son, who had come on to inform him of a certain business which he (the father) was required to do in the city. Making over his purchases to his son, the butcher turned towards the city. Just at this moment the countryman and his friend were returning home. The former had long entertained a wish of purchasing a cow for the purpose of sacrificing it; and now, when he saw a fine fat animal, he paid the butcher's son the price asked, and brought the cow home. He then thought of the deenars, and went to remove them from the vessel. What was his surprise to find no trace of them, can better be imagined than described. He asked

his wife what had become of the vessel. The woman told all. "Nothing but patience and resignation," thought the farmer, "can help me now." He then proceeded to sacrifice the cow. When the entrails were being cleaned, the purse of deenars came out. The man was beside himself through joy. After a time he was all right. Lifting up the purse then, he washed it carefully, took out the coins, kissed them repeatedly, and applied them to his eyes. From that time he determined to carry about the purse with him, and never to part with it for a single moment even. Thenceforward his money and he were together. This displeased the wife. "Your conduct," she remarked, "indicates that you have no reliance on God. Depend on it, those who are destined to get money, will never be debarred from their portion." "My good woman," returned the husband, "nothing in this world is done without means. For appearance' sake, we must look after our property; though our heart may have thorough reliance on God. A sage has said:—"Be not negligent; for this world is a world of property. Take care of thine own, and trust in thy Creator." The wife held her peace. One day he went out to bathe. Undressing himself, he had his bath, but when he returned therefrom, he left the purse behind. A shepherd, who came after him, to give drink to his flock, found the purse, took it home, and taking out and counting the deenars found them numbering three hundred. "These three hundred," he said to himself, "will be reduced by spending, and perhaps I shall not be able to replace them. Better it is to lay them by for hard times. In a word, that fool really put them aside, closed his mouth in silence, and followed his profession. When the farmer thought of his money, he was extremely sorry, wept bitterly, returned home half distracted, and disclosed the particulars to his family. His wife, after cursing and reproving him, added, "Fool! with what care did you save that sum. Your children were denied the use of the same, and now art thou weeping?" "Your reproofs are just," said the other, "pity that I took so much vain care in the preservation of that sum of money, and denied its use to my wife and children!" He then vowed never to collect money again, but to spend all in feeding and clothing his wife and children. Resigned was he at last to the will of God. The shepherd, in the meantime, was looking after his goats, the purse under his arms. When a body of horsemen came in sight. Afraid that they should rob him of his treasure, he dropped the purse into a well, and as the day had closed, drove back his flock to its fold. Just as he had gone, the countryman came to the well, when a strong gust of wind blew his turban into it. He descended therein, and searching for the turban, found the purse, and in it the identical three hundred deenars. Coming home, he told his wife how God had given him another three hundred, for the sum

he had lost; and according to promise began spending it in promoting the comforts of his wife and children. The shepherd, after he had locked up his flock, returned to the well, and searched for the purse in it, but all in vain. Sad, he wandered about in the forest. After a long time he happened to visit the farmer, by whom he was treated very kindly. After dinner, they were talking on many subjects, when the shepherd began to complain of the world, and tears started to his eyes. The countryman enquired why he was weeping. "Why do you ask me?" the other said with a sigh, "I had three hundred deenars belonging to me, with which I had hoped to spend life comfortably. One day robbers surprised me, and to escape from them I dropped the purse into a certain well. The next day, when I went to look for it, it was not there." On hearing these words, the countryman rose, and going to his wife, said, "I fancied the deenars I had got to be mine, and was therefore spending them freely. But it appears that they were by right the property of our guest. It is better now to give him what is left by way of present, and keep the secret to myself. This will partially console him, at the same time that we shall not suffer from any evil consequence. On the contrary, if the truth were to be disclosed to him, he would claim the whole sum, which of course is not forthcoming." The woman agreed to the proposition. "Give him the property to whom it belongs by right," said she, "and live content; God will reward you for your straightforwardness." Acting upon this resolve, he placed a hundred deenars (what was left) before the shepherd, who took them up gladly, thinking all the while that the remaining two hundred would soon come also. This time, he was determined to be more careful. He had a hollow made in his shepherd's crook, and placed the deenars in them. One day, while standing on the river-side, the crook fell from his hands, and in spite of his efforts, was borne away by the current. That very moment, and in the same river, the countryman was bathing. As the crook was floating past him, he took it up and brought it home. His wife was cooking, when he came in, and fuel had just failed her. Without hesitation, her husband proceeded to cleave the stick, when all the deenars rolled out before him. On counting, he found them to be one hundred. He praised God, and opened the hand of generosity once more. After three days the shepherd came again, this time

more thoughtful than before. On being questioned he said that he had lost a hundred deenars. "Now tell me the truth," said the farmer, "where did you get three hundred in the first instance, or by what means did you collect them?" He disclosed all. "On the margin of such a fountain," he began, "I found the 300 deenars, and the hundred I have lost now, was what I received from you." The farmer smiled and said, "The purse at the fountain-side was mine, and I it was who had found it in the well. The hundred left with me, I gave thee. The crook has come to me, and with it my hundred which I am spending now." "Countryman!" remarked the shepherd, much surprised, "you have taught me wisdom: I know now, that the daily food destined for one, cannot be robbed by another."

STORY XCVIII.—*The Ascetic and his guest.* Said an old man, "I used to serve a great personage; but when I came to know the faithlessness of the world, and the tricks of that man of guile, I turned aside from vanity, and employed myself in pursuits sanctioned by reason. One day I saw a bird-catcher selling two hoopoes, who were at that moment bewailing their fate, and praying to God to grant them deliverance. I took compassion on them, and for my own salvation, wished to purchase them and then set them free. The man asked two drachms for them. I had but that sum in my pocket. Long did I stand there, uncertain what to do. My heart would not permit me to spend the amount with me, nor would my feelings allow me to let the birds remain in their captivity. At last I relied on Providence, bought the birds, and going out of the city set them free. They sate on a wall and called me out. "To repay the debt of gratitude, we owe thee," they said, "is not in our power; but underneath this wall is buried a box full of gems. Dig and take it out." I was much surprised at this. "It is strange," I remarked, "that you can see a box buried under ground, and cannot mark a snare laid for you on it. "When fate frowns," replied they, "the eyes of Reason are closed; what destiny wills can never be altered. In such a case neither the wisdom of the wise, nor the foresight of the prudent avails him aught."

Moral. It is incumbent on man to be resigned to the will of God, and to consider all earthly good as bounties from Him: for neither reason, beauty, nor talents, can be of any use unless He wills it.

VOCABULARY.

Page.

1. Khām, (*adj.*) foolish, dull.
Hasrat (*subs.*) regret, grief.
2. Tajriba, (*subs.*) experience.
Kāhish, (*subs.*) diminution.
3. Wasi, (*adj.*) extensive, wide.
4. Asrā, (*subs.*) dependence, place of shelter.
Sahārā, (*subs.*) hope, assistance.
5. Shāhīn, (*subs.*) a royal white falcon.
Ukāb, (*subs.*) an eagle.
6. Nakel, (*subs.*) the wooden or iron instrument fixed to a camel's nose, and to which the string by which it is led is fastened.
7. Muttasil, (*adj.*) near, contiguous.
9. Haiat, (*subs.*) visage, aspect.
10. Kulfat, (*subs.*) grief.
13. Ba-daulat, (*prep.*) by means of, through.
Muta'aiyin, (*verb.*) deputed, appointed to.
16. Tadārūk, (*subs.*) investigation, retaliation.
18. Murāja'at, (*verb.*) return, recourse.
Khalish, (*subs.*) solicitude.
19. Sardi-o-gurmi-zumani kee. lit. The heat and cold of the world: hence, days of prosperity and adversity.
19. Hatta-l-makdur, to the best of one's ability.
21. Dastūr-i-amal, (*subs.*) rule, model.
22. Isrāf (*subs.*) prodigality, dissipation.
23. Wasīyat, (*subs.*) a last will and testament; mandate.
29. Laf, (*subs.*) boasting, self-praise.
34. Maskharigi, (*subs.*) drollery, jest.
Bil-farz, granting.
35. Tā'id, (*subs.*) aid corroboration.
Shināwarī, (*subs.*) act of swimming.
36. Dabdaba, (*subs.*) dignity, pomp.
39. Nauchī, (*subs.*) young girls kept by bawds.
Aubāsh (*subs.*) a dissolute fellow.
Pachchī, (*verb.*) to be strongly attached by love.
- Nayika, (*subs.*) the mistress of a house, particularly of a brothel.
- Nali, (*subs.*) tube, spout.
40. Hānk-pukar, (*subs.*) uproar, out-cry.
41. Shafā'at, (*subs.*) deprecation, intercession.
44. Ta-ammul, (*subs.*) meditation, (*verb.*) to reflect.
44. Mujmal, (*subs.*) summary.
44. Taf-sīl, (*subs.*) detail.
45. Indrāyon, (*subs.*) colocynth, a fruit of beautiful appearance but bitter taste.
46. Basha, (*subs.*) a kind of falcon, a hawk.
Khānmān, (*subs.*) domestic, every thing belonging to the house.

Page.

46. Inhirāf, (*subs.*) change, recantation, deviation.
48. Raughan-i-naft, (*subs.*) naphtha oil.
48. Ilhām, (*subs.*) Inspiration, revelation.
49. Than, (*subs.*) udder.
50. Kūchī, (*subs.*) A brush,
51. Ikdām, (*subs.*) diligence, effort, resolution.
51. Mazarrat, (*subs.*) detriment, damage, injury.
54. Sakat, (*subs.*) ability, strength, power.
55. Sabkat, (*subs.*) precedence.
'Ibrat, (*subs.*) an example, warning, grief, fear.
- Gāhak, (*subs.*) A purchaser.
56. Sadā, (*subs.*) sound, voice, noise, tone.
Za'if-uj-jusā. (*adj.*) impotent, infirm in body, weak.
58. Tazwir, (*subs.*) deception, stratagem, lie, imposture.
59. Nirale, (*adv.*) aside, apart.
Ramna, (*subs.*) a park, a place to roam.
60. Kur'a, (*subs.*) a lot.
61. Mu'tad, (*subs.*) custom, habit, use.
Laf and Guzaf, (*subs.*) boasting, self-praise and idle words.
62. Muhib, (*adj.*) formidable, awful.
63. Jashn, (*subs.*) a feast, a royal festival.
Chukkar, (*subs.*) hole, cave, cavern.
65. Sinān, (*subs.*) the sharp point.
65. Baktar, (*subs.*) iron armour, a coat of mail.
69. Aftaba, (*subs.*) an ewer.
70. Ihtimāl, (*subs.*) probability.
70. Ma'an, (*adv.*) along with, at the same time.
72. Tufail, (*prep. phrase*) by means of, through the agency of.
73. Amān, (*subs.*) grace, security, safety, protection.
74. Kashmakash, (*subs.*) want, penury, distress.
79. Sarīh. (*adj.*) apparent, palpable, evident.
81. Nalikā, (*subs.*) perfume, so called.
81. Tontā, (*subs.*) a cracker, a serpent in fireworks, a cartridge.
81. Pāzahr, (*subs.*) bezoar stone.
83. Ilhāh, (*subs.*) importunity, urgency.
87. Tut pūnjiya, (*subs.*) a bankrupt.
91. Rekāb-dār, (*subs.*) a companion.
Mūshki, (*adj.*) dark-bay.
Nuk-ra-i, (*subs.*) a white-colored horse.
92. Shagūfa, (*subs.*) a flower, a bud.
93. Ziyārat, (*subs.*) pilgrimage, visiting.
98. Musharraf, (*verb.*) exalted, ennobled.
99. Dīdbāzī, (*subs.*) looking about, recreation.
100. Tamalluk, (*subs.*) cajoling, flattery, adulation.

- Page.*
103. Kitrān, (*subs.*) tar, liquid, pitch.
Ret, (*subs.*) sand, filings.
104. Hazik, (*adj.*) ingenious, skilful.
Tashkhis, (*verb.*) distinguishing perfectly;
a term much used by physicians, to
denote their having ascertained their
patient's disease.
106. Himakat, (*subs.*) folly, stupidity.
107. Tarāna, (*subs.*) harmony, modulation, sym-
phony.
110. Zīrak, (*adj.*) intelligent, acute.
111. Sarasīma, (*subs.*) amazed, confounded, dis-
turbed.
113. Hall, (*verb.*) solution, overcoming.
Mashīyat, (*subs.*) will, pleasure.
117. Shuja, (*adj.*) brave.
118. Imtiyaz, (*verb.*) to discriminate.
119. Multafat, (*verb.*) attended to.
119. "Astaghfirullah," (*int.*) "I entreat for-
giveness of God," or "God forgive me."
121. Lajājat, (*subs.*) adulation.
123. Bent, (*subs.*) handle.
125. Tobra, (*subs.*) bag.
126. Muktaẓā (*subs.*) exigence, necessity, expe-
diency.
127. Chillā, (*subs.*) a bow-string.
128. Shubkhood, (*subs.*) a night assault.
Nusrat, (*subs.*) victory.
129. Tākht, (*subs.*) assault.
Huzeemut, (*subs.*) a defeat.
130. Atal, (*adj.*) immovable, fixed.
131. Khet-avain, fall on the field of battle.
Nameos, (*subs.*) fame, renown.
133. Ghamand, (*subs.*) pride.
Tadrij (*subs.*) gradation, scale.
134. Talaf, (*subs.*) loss, destruction.
Nasheb-farāz, (*subs.*) (lit.) down and up
(fig.) advantages and disadvantages of
any affair—profit and loss.
135. Amīn, (*subs.*) a trustee, a supervisor or
officer employed by Government to
examine and regulate the state of the
revenue of a district.
135. Mukarrabān-durgah, (*subs.*) confidential
servants.
137. Parī-paikaṛ (*adj.*) angelic, fairy-faced.
Ramz-o-īmā, (*subs.*) sign, nod, wink.
138. Takaiyud, (*subs.*) diligence, assiduity.
141. Muhimm, (*subs.*) important, urgent, mo-
mentous business.
142. Amīk, (*adj.*) deep, profound.
143. Zūl-kurnain, (*subs.*) Lord or master of
two horns: a title of Alexander the
Great.
145. Girift, (*subs.*) an objection, criticism.
146. Gadlā, (*adj.*) turbid, muddy, dull, dirty.
151. Nafs-khasis, (*subs.*) sordid soul; vindictive
passion.
152. Dith-bandi, (*subs.*) the act of enchanting
the sight; preventing one's seeing by
conjunction.
155. Khat-kā, (*subs.*) sound of footsteps.
156. Dar-ham bar-ham, (*adj.*) confused.
- Page.*
159. Taāssuf (*subs.*) lamenting.
160. Parāganda, (*verb.*) dispersed.
- Firāsāt, (*subs.*) sagacity, understanding.
161. Himāyat, (*subs.*) defence, patronage.
164. Mustajābū-d-da'wat, (*subs.*) one whose
prayers are answered.
171. Daryā-i-Akhzar (*subs.*) Persian Gulf.
172. Ma'zūl, (*verb.*) dismissed; displaced.
173. Asalat, (*subs.*) firmness; constancy.
175. Tawila (*subs.*) stable, stall.
Kūmhal-dena, (*verb.*) to break into a house.
177. Khata, (*subs.*) Northern China; Cathay.
179. Fuzla-khar, (*subs.*) lit. remnant-eater; hence
servant or slave, parasite.
181. Khiffat, (*subs.*) disgrace.
Kāmrañī, (*subs.*) prosperity; felicity.
182. Durushtī, (*subs.*) severity; fierceness.
183. Margh-zār, (*subs.*) a meadow; a place
abounding in verdure or pasture.
186. Parsā, (*adj.*) abstemious, chaste, watchful.
189. Asā, (*subs.*) staff; mace.
190. Tarkash, (*subs.*) a quiver.
191. Chāgal, (*subs.*) a leathern bottle with a
spout to it; goatskin.
Lu'āb, (*subs.*) spittle, saliva, mucus.
Iztirāb, (*subs.*) agitation; perturbation;
restlessness; chagrin.
197. 'Ankā, (*subs.*) the phoenix, a fabulous bird.
called by the Persians *simurgh*; rare.
200. Phūs, (*adj.*) old.
202. Bakā, (*subs.*) duration; eternity; stability.
204. Shūm, (*adj.*) disgraceful; vile.
'Udūl, (*p. part.*) receding; declining.
206. Awārā-hōa, (*verb.*) became distressed; be-
came miserable.
Surkhāb, (*subs.*) the name of a bird.
207. Khujesta-roo, (*adj.*) fortunate.
208. Munder, (*subs.*) the coping of a wall.
209. Bāmbhī, (*subs.*) snake's hole.
Mukāfāt, (*subs.*) retribution, retaliation,
requital.
212. Bhayanak, (*adj.*) terrific, frightful.
Kawwal, (*subs.*) a kind of musician; a
singer. [of Shah Akbar.
Tansein, a celebrated musician in the time
215. Basarat, (*subs.*) sight, perceiving.
216. Taktakī-lugana, (*verb.*) to fix one's looks
on an object in a staring manner.
217. Dajla, (*subs.*) a lake; R. Tigris.
219. Iktifa, (*subs.*) sufficiency; contentment.
220. Cheipee, (*subs.*) flapper.
Tusht, (*subs.*) a large bason, ewer or cup.
222. Maftūn, (*adj.*) mad with love.
223. Istimzaj, (*verb.*) sounding the disposition
or inclination.
224. Ta'ziyat, (*subs.*) condolence; lamentation.
225. Mustakil, (*adj.*) stable; firm; durable.
227. Naw-roz, (*subs.*) new year's day according
to the Persian calender, being that on
which the sun enters Aries.
230. Zean-hal, (*subs.*) aged condition.
Kundli, (*subs.*) coil; ring; curl.
232. Thanna (*verb.*) to resolve, to determine.

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| <p><i>Page.</i>
 235. Dhar-marna, (<i>verb</i>) to roar.
 237. Sahib-dil, (<i>subs.</i>) a man of worth and sanctity.
 237. Dimagh, (<i>subs.</i>) the brain.
 240. Takalluf, (<i>subs.</i>) ceremony.
 241. Tahnī, (<i>subs.</i>) a branch.
 242. Khash khashi (<i>subs.</i>) poppy seed.
 245. Daldal, (<i>subs.</i>) a quagmire.
 247. Khunṣa, (<i>subs.</i>) hermaphrodite.
 Irs, (<i>subs.</i>) inheritance.
 251. Ismat, (<i>subs.</i>) chastity.
 Iffat, (<i>subs.</i>) purity ; virtue.
 252. Pas-dar, (<i>subs.</i>) a guardian.
 253. Kaz, (<i>subs.</i>) a duck or goose.
 254. Nifak, (<i>subs.</i>) hypocrisy.
 255. Mantar, (<i>subs.</i>) charm ; spell ; philtre.
 155. Harf, (<i>subs.</i>) danger.</p> | <p><i>Page.</i>
 256. Būkhti, (<i>adj.</i>) quick-paced.
 261. Ma'ad, (<i>subs.</i>) the place or state to which one returns.
 263. Kama-hakku-ho, (<i>phrase</i>) as it ought ; in a proper manner.
 264. Mashata, (<i>subs.</i>) a waiting maid ; a woman who makes or concerts for marriage.
 Ghab-ghab, (<i>subs.</i>) a dewlap ; double chin
 265. Di-lerī, (<i>subs.</i>) impudence ; daring.
 266. Lag, (<i>subs.</i>) affection ; love.
 Muftarī, (<i>subs.</i>) liar ; calumniator.
 Arkanidaulat, (<i>subs.</i>) (lit.) pillars of state ; (<i>fig.</i>) nobles ; grandees.
 268. Wajabat, (<i>subs.</i>) respect, appearance.
 273. Hamyanī, (<i>subs.</i>) a purse.
 277. Hakka-bakka, (<i>adj.</i>) confused ; aghast.
 283. Arif, (<i>subs.</i>) a wise man ; a holy man.</p> |
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THE END.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2007

Preservation Technologies

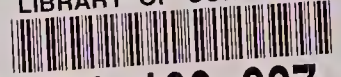
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